

The Inquirer.

A Journal of Liberal Religious Thought and Life.

ESTABLISHED IN 1842.]

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2934.
NEW SERIES, No. 38.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898.

[ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK	601
ARTICLES :—	
Matter and Spirit	602
Keble's "Christian Year"	603
Wordsworth	604
On Pilgrimage.—II.	607
A Church in Switzerland	611
Liverpool Letter	613
LITERATURE :—	
The Making of Religion	605
Short Notices	606
THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN	607
LEADER :—	
The Fatherhood of God	608
THE PULPIT :—	
The Morning Song of the Creation... ..	609
CORRESPONDENCE :—	
Dr. A. R. Wallace and Vaccination	613
Provincial Assembly of London and South- Eastern Counties	613
NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES	613
ADVERTISEMENTS	614

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE past week has been full of startling news. The insane passion of the Anarchist, bent on murdering some conspicuous personage, struck at an inoffensive lady—one of the most humane and the least political of women. Swiftly and without pain, save for a sudden blow, the Empress of Austria died; but the blow struck most cruelly at the Emperor, on the very eve of the jubilee of his reign, and the horror of the crime was felt throughout Europe. It has been said that it will strengthen the forces of re-action in Continental countries, and that unhappily may be the case, for at one, as at the other, political pole un-reasoning passion is strong; but the only sure safeguard against such outrage is in more just and more humane government.

The renewed outbreak of violence in Crete, involving the death of British soldiers, may at last compel the closing of one of the most humiliating chapters in the history of military and diplomatic Europe, and the establishment of better government in one small territory rescued from Turkish misrule.

The reported presence of a French force at Fashoda, on the White Nile, has given rise to some anxious questioning, but will not, we trust, lead to any dangerous complications.

THE September number of *Concord*, the journal of the International Arbitration and Peace Association naturally gives the first place in its columns to a consideration of the Tsar's proposal for a Disarmament Conference, and utters this word of warning to all workers for the good cause:—

"Those advocates of peace who, after weary years of labour, now suddenly find themselves justified before a reluctant world are perhaps in some danger of falling into the temptation of accepting

this happy intervention and then falling back to rest, as though their task were accomplished. The task is by no means accomplished. Let us not deceive ourselves. The Emperor has given our cause a great impetus; he has forced it upon the consideration of every politician in Europe. That is a task, it may as well be confessed, which was utterly beyond the capacity of the Peace societies. To that extent, and for the time being, our work is done; and now rises the much graver and more delicate question of how the success of the Conference, for which we have preached and voted for years past, and which is now suddenly brought within the range of probability, may be insured. The first requisite to that end, as it seems to us, is that the British Government should be convinced, that it is expected not only to support the project, but to support it energetically, with single mind, and by every resource within its reach."

An immediate Truce of Armaments is the watchword which *Concord* urges all friends of peace to adopt, and by every means and on every occasion to urge upon the Governments of Europe.

On September 9, *The Friend* reported a telegram from Wilson Sturge telling of the settlement of 270 of the Dukhoborts immigrants at Athalassa, the farm taken by the committee not far from Nicosia. The rest of those who have arrived in Cyprus are temporarily lodged in the public garden at Larnaka, until land is found for them. The refugees, who arrived on August 26, number 1,126. *The Friend* also reports that some other English and Russian helpers are preparing to send a small party to Canada, and that two Dukhobors and their families have already sailed, to make the needful preparations.

Is any friend, who believes in our Gospel of the Liberal Faith, inclined to expend £200 on a year's mission to New Zealand? Granted such willingness and the right man to carry the message, we have good reason to think that there is now in Auckland, with its 70,000 people, an opportunity which may be made fruitful of lasting good. Perhaps we ought to ask first for the man, confident that the money would then be found. He must be a man of education and tact, of energy and genuine religious zeal. He must expect no worldly advantage from his mission, and must be prepared simply to go out for a year carrying our message of good-will to our brethren in New Zealand, to serve the little band of earnest worshippers who are gathering in Auckland, and to preach his gospel wherever an opening may offer, and then to return to this country un-

rewarded, except in so far as every faithful minister of God is sure of the best reward. The friends at Auckland are willing and eager to do their part, and hope, as a result of the year's mission, to be able to retain our messenger as minister of their church. But what may be surely counted on is an opportunity of honourable service.

On Sunday week, the 25th inst., the Rev. S. Fletcher Williams is to preach farewell sermons at the New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, Hackney, and sails on the following Thursday for India on the three years' mission which he has undertaken at the instance of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. The good wishes of many friends throughout the country will go with Mr. Williams on his voyage, and we shall hope to have frequent news of his welfare and of the progress of his work.

It is a great pleasure to be able to offer our readers this week a sermon by the Rev. Robert Collyer. It is a sermon he preached this summer at Essex Church, and, if we are not mistaken, at Mill Hill, and last Sunday at Hope-street Church. Our Liverpool Letter tells of the delightful gatherings held there on the eve of Dr. Collyer's departure. He sailed for New York, which is now home to him, on Wednesday, carrying, we trust, as many happy memories with him as he has left with old and new friends here.

It has now been decided that the Churchman's Union for the Advancement of Liberal Religious Thought will be inaugurated during the meeting of the Church Congress at Bradford on the 29th inst., when lay and clerical sympathisers will meet in conference at the Great Northern Hotel. The Editor of the *Church Gazette*, whose journal is the official organ of the Union, furnishes us with the following exposition of immediate policy and principles:—(1) The reform of abuses within the Church; (2) The assertion of the right of laymen to an adequate share in Church government; (3) A conciliatory attitude towards Nonconformists, with a view to making the Church of England inclusive and truly national; (4) The optional use of the Athanasian Creed; (5) The frank acceptance of ascertained truth though affecting dogmatic interpretations.

WRITING in the *Times* in reference to the Dean of Ripon's suggestion for securing peace in the church, to which we referred last week, Mr. Carvell Williams, M.P., expressed a doubt whether the remedy would be sufficient, though the Dean had rendered good service by again calling attention to the present helplessness

MEADVILLE

condition of the laity in relation to Church affairs. Where any radical differences arose the laity were at the mercy of the clergyman.

In the case of a non-established religious community the two parties might agree to separate; but the clergyman cannot get rid of the people, nor the people be rid of him. They did not choose him; they do not, it may be, maintain him; and, even under the new Benefices Act, they cannot displace him. That is another stumblingblock in the way of the Dean's remedy, and one of which he takes no cognisance. His Church council idea is a Congregational one; but it has to be fitted into an autocratic and prelatical system. It is an attempt to put new wine into the old bottles, of the defectiveness of which every one is complaining. The Dean not unnaturally asks whether, in these days of popular government, we must "continue to be governed in Church matters on a system devised for the times of the Tudors?" To that the answer is "Yes," unless much larger changes are adopted than the creation of Church councils, which could only administer the existing system until another takes its place. And that other system—can I do better in closing than refer the Dean of Ripon to a Church the laity of which were enslaved as their brethren in the English Church are now? In the General Synod of the Episcopal Church of Ireland there are 220 Bishops and clergymen, and as many as 416 representative laymen. In the diocesan synods there are twice as many laymen as clerics, they being elected by the vestries of the several parishes. In addition, the clergyman of a parish is chosen by a board half elected by the congregation, a majority being laymen. That, of course, has been the outcome of disestablishment; and there is abundant testimony to the facts that the Irish Episcopalian laity not only rejoice in their freedom, but use it wisely and display earnestness and liberality unknown prior to disestablishment. That is one way out of some, at least, of the troubles of the Anglican Church. I know that it has not hitherto been the way preferred by Dean Fremantle; but does he now really believe that salvation will be found for the Church in any other?

PREACHING in Trinity Church, Glasgow, last Sunday evening, on Ritual and Ritualism, Dr. John Hunter (as reported in the *Christian World*) pointed out that ritual was the natural and beautiful expression of true religious life, and it was necessary to distinguish between this natural expression of the inward spirit, and that ritualism, which was not simply a matter of beautiful and helpful forms in public worship, but a matter of doctrine concerning the priestly power of the clergy and the efficacy of the sacraments. As to the right attitude towards the ritualists Dr. Hunter said in conclusion:—

"We all require some form, some less, some more, according to our natural temperament and later education. Let us cultivate sympathy with those whose religious cravings and culture are different from our own. Forms which we cannot honestly use may both express and deepen the vital piety of our fellows. Let it be clearly understood that we have no desire to restrain men from free action in the worship of God. In dealing with Anglo-Catholics and Scottish Church Catholics, the only question that concerns us as citizens is their right to teach mediæval doctrine and to follow mediæval practices in churches that are responsible to the nation and which are generally believed to have repudiated the Roman Catholic doctrine of the priesthood and the sacraments at the time of the Reformation. For all the rest, the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual, not

vituperation and coarse and unscrupulous statements, but fair appeal to the free judgment, reason, and conscience of men, seeking in all honourable and generous ways to displace a lower teaching by a higher teaching, a Pagan idea of worship with the Christian idea of worship—the worship of the Eternal Spirit, the Father of men, in spirit and in truth."

THE National Vigilance Association has issued a booklet, containing a warning to young women going abroad, to situations or otherwise. It is printed in four languages, and applies to foreign women coming to England, as well as English women going abroad. The object of the pamphlet, which bears the name of the Duke of Westminster, as President of the Association, together with the names of Mrs. Josephine Butler, Mrs. Henry Fawcett and Mrs. Katharine Thomasson, as Vice-Presidents, is to warn young women against the danger they are in from men who systematically decoy the unsuspecting, by fraud and false pretences, from their homes and country, and then sell them into a state of slavery, the conditions of which are appalling to contemplate. For the first time in the history of such an effort the pamphlet includes the names of the German, French, Dutch and Belgian Consuls-General, and also that of the Minister for Switzerland, all these gentlemen expressing their sympathy with the effort of the Association to safeguard and protect young women while travelling abroad. There are also appended the names and addresses of 167 ladies and gentlemen of recognised standing in 83 different towns and cities—mostly in Europe—but some in Russia and South Africa, who are ready to assist young women of any nationality who may be in trouble, and put them in communication with the London offices of the National Vigilance Association. The Association has, with the permission of the authorities, placed on board most of the steamers leaving for Continental and other ports, a framed and glazed warning in four languages, calling attention to the booklet, copies of which have been given to the stewardesses of the various vessels for distribution. The warning can be obtained free on application to the Secretary, 267, Strand, London, W.C.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

LAST Sunday morning, in his discourse at the Free Christian Church, Croydon, Mr. J. Page Hopps referred to that portion of Sir William Crookes' address which dealt with his theory of Matter and his experiments in Psychical Research. The very unimaginative Briton, said Mr. Page Hopps, will find it difficult to follow this subtle thinker in his declaration that we have never seen and never touched Matter. That which we call Matter is really a mode of motion. The basis of Matter, "the only true Matter," said Sir William Crookes, is the atom; and the atom is "intangible, invisible, and inconceivable." This definition or description of Matter, curiously enough, takes us at once into The Unseen, and is the echo of all our attempted descriptions of God—the basis of all appearances, though Himself "intangible, invisible, and inconceivable"; and of the spirit which lives and moves, and has its being in Him. Significant,

is it not, that the latest word of Science concerning Matter should lead us straight to the latest word of Philosophy concerning Spirit, and practically merge them? But Paul knew all this 1800 years ago, and gave us, in substance, Sir William Crookes' view, when he said: "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Sir William Crookes suggested an explanation of Telepathy or Thought-transference in harmony with this conception of Matter, and with the help of the Ether—an explanation perfectly well known to all who have been wise enough to turn their attention to this great subject. The operations of Telepathy occur in the Ether where thought-vibrations are as effective for transmissions of thought as are the coarser vibrations employed in the use of the telephone. The Röntgen rays and wireless telegraphy illustrate the same process. And it is to be noted that the fine and subtle vibrations can go where the coarse cannot go, and do what the coarse cannot do. So here, by another route, we are led into The Unseen as the centre of the ultimate reality, the ocean of infinite and eternal being. And yet they laugh at a spirit! Why, in the end, we shall know that just as the real Matter is in The Unseen, so does the real Man belong to The Unseen, and that both are in the sphere of the spiritual and eternal.

These speculations and experiments culminate in Sir William Crookes' work in relation to Psychical Research during the past thirty years—work which he significantly describes as "experiments tending to show that outside our scientific knowledge there exists a force exercised by intelligence differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals"; a profound and notable declaration! Some of us may not be able to follow this patient and intrepid inquirer, in these deep and far-reaching conclusions, but it is our duty to draw attention to them, as they are not only intensely interesting in themselves, but are vitally related to everything that concerns us in the Church. Believe or follow as we please. If we miss the truth, it will be our loss: if we disdain it, it will be our folly: if we fight against it, it may be our crime. But, do what we will, God's children of the dawn will be true to the closing words of this inspiring address: "Science has fortified itself for tasks higher, wider and incomparably more wonderful than even the wisest among our ancestors imagined. Like the souls, in Plato's myth, that follow the chariot of Zeus, it has ascended to a point of vision far above the earth. It is henceforth open to Science to transcend all we now think we know of Matter, and to gain new glimpses of a profounder scheme of Cosmic Law."

MAJOR-GENERAL JACOB has received a further sum of 5s., from "A Devonian," for Mrs. Webb, of Tavistock, since the closing of the fund.

No good is certain, but the steadfast mind, The undivided will to seek the good: 'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings A human music from the indifferent air. The greatest gift the hero leaves his race— Is to have been a hero.—*George Eliot*,

KEBLE'S "CHRISTIAN YEAR."—I.

"My heart was hot within me; while I was thus musing the fire kindled; then spake I with my tongue." John Keble used to cite this verse as giving the secret of true poetry. Heat gathers slowly and bursts into flame. The heart burns, the mind muses, the tongue speaks. In these stages he recognised, no doubt, the order of his own poetic utterance.

To enter into the spirit, and to feel the power, of the "Christian Year" the reader must have, first, a sense of the unbroken continuity of the Christian Church. He must draw no dividing bar across the centuries, whether at the sixth or at the sixteenth; have no half-way calendar of dates and names; hear the witness, and be open to the influence of all Christian testimony, primitive and mediæval, pre-Reformation and post-Reformation; rejoice in his inheritance as a whole, and claim spiritual kinship with all who by noble thought and saintly life have enriched and adorned its flowing wealth. The "Christian Year" is mainly retrospective, and contains few hints of developments still to come, but it is full of the music of the past, and is well fitted to subdue us to that reverence for the past, without which there can be no true development, only rash and barren experiment.

He must have also a sense of the analogy between Nature and Religion, a power to see in the material phenomena of the world about us types and adumbrations of spiritual fact in the world beyond. Nature is full of symbolism, and through Nature echoes and flashes reach us from the realm of spirit. "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Fire and wind and water, form and colour, sound and fragrance so lend themselves to the interpretation of the hidden things of heaven, and of our own souls, that they weave themselves into our thoughts of God and of His ways, and so, by easy transition, into our worship of Him. Every parable is based on this correspondence between the seen and the unseen; music and decorative art, the bread which we break in communion, the water which we pour in baptism are tokens to us of the answering play between the natural and the spiritual. Our author was keenly sensitive to outward Nature as the mirror of Divine truth, and this readiness to catch sign and suggestion everywhere runs through the whole volume. The poems for the Fourth Sunday in Advent, for Septuagesima Sunday, and the Fourth Sunday after Trinity are notable examples, as may be seen by the following selections:—

I.

Of the bright things in earth and air
How little can the heart embrace!
Soft shades and gleaming lights are there—
I know it well, but cannot trace.

Mine eye unworthy seems to read
One page of Nature's beauteous book;
It lies before me, fair outspread—
I only cast a wishful look.

I cannot paint to Memory's eye
The scene, the glance, I dearest love—
Unchanged themselves, in me they die,
Or faint, or false, their shadows prove.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, if over sea or sky
Some tender lights unnotic'd fleet,
Or on lov'd features dawn and die,
Unread, to us, their lesson sweet;

Yet are there saddening sights around,
Which Heaven, in mercy, spares us too,
And we see far in holy ground,
If duly purg'd our mental view.

II.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the love its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

* * * * *

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only Sin
Forbids us to desery
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

III.

It was not then a poet's dream,
An idle vaunt of song,
Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
On vacant fancies throng;

Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
In all fair things around,
Strong yearnings for a blest new birth
With sinless glories crown'd;

Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
From care and want and toil,
When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the day's turmoil,

In the low chant of wakeful birds,
In the deep weltering flood,
In whispering leaves, these solemn words—
"God made us all for good."

All true, all faultless, all in tune,
Creation's wondrous choir
Open'd in mystic unison
To last till time expire.

And still it lasts: by day and night,
With one consenting voice,
All hymn thy glory, Lord, aright,
All worship and rejoice.

Lastly, the reader must be willing to accept, and able to appreciate, a sober standard of feeling. He will find in these poems deep religious emotion, but emotion purposely subdued and restrained in its expression. He will look in vain for raptures and ecstasies, and fervid outpourings of religious joy or pain. The author had a deep distrust of what was then called Evangelicalism, for he thought it made too much of feeling and lost itself in overwrought expression, to the neglect of the sense of duty and of the cultivation of character. He belonged to a school which set higher value on modesty and reserve in touching sacred themes; recognised a discipline in affection as well as in action; dreaded everything which savoured of extravagance, even of undue excitement; preferred that the soul deeply moved should refrain and keep itself low rather than throw all its passion into untempered words. He had a horror of that easy indulgence of pious sentiment which passes easily for religious enthusiasm. He confesses in his Preface that his object is to exhibit the *soothing* tendency of that Book of Common Prayer which, because of its calm and chastened tone, was not stimulating enough for a restless and excited age. The thought of reticence as an element in reverence appears in several poems, but nowhere more than in the stanzas for the Fourth Sunday in Lent, where it is very delicately drawn out. The poem hangs on the passage in which it is said that, while Joseph made himself known to his brethren, *no*

man stood with him. It opens with a reminder that Nature is full of reserve, that her finest touches are unwitnessed, cannot be marked or traced by sight or sound:—

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest?

Then it is shown that even earthly love, when pure, is gentle, and shrinks from "the searching sun, the open sky"; how much more that holier love for things on high, which will neither intrude itself upon human notice, nor be intruded upon. There are times of closer communing so solemn that,

Thought has not colours half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
In silence best ador'd.

Then the conclusion is reached that, if Joseph, his heart swelling with a brother's love,

Could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight—
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasure of delight?

Keble's own sensitiveness was extreme. Miss Yonge, who for thirty years knew the author intimately, tells us in her "Musings on the Christian Year" that the book had to be kept out of his sight; he would hardly ever discuss it; his intimate friends dared scarcely mention it to him. It was with a kind of pained humility that he discovered that a work which he regarded as "completed and done with at a certain stage of life" had become an English classic.

The book in question is a companion volume to the Prayer-Book. It follows the same order, its seasons of Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Easter, Whitsuntide, and the half-year which follows Trinity Sunday; its Saints' Days; its Services for Communion, Baptism, Confirmation, Marriage, the Visitation of the Sick, and the Burial of the Dead; and the Occasional Services with which it ends. A few soft notes are struck in harmony with some thought suggested by Epistle or Gospel or Lesson for the day, and the reader, already familiar with the successive portions of the Liturgy, catches new meaning from familiar words through poetical setting. It is (for those who have ears to hear) to the language of the Prayer-Book very much what the music of oratorio is to the language of the Bible.

Something may now be said of the man whose work we are considering. John Keble, the son of a clergyman, was born in 1792. He was not yet fifteen when he gained a scholarship at Oxford, and before he was eighteen had taken a double first-class in its Schools. In less than a year from that time he had gained a Fellowship at Oriel, then one of the most coveted distinctions within the University. Newman, writing to a friend, says of him: "He is the first man in Oxford," though the "first man," in the way of honour, was, in years, little more than a boy. Keble was, indeed, old enough to be famous, but too young to be well known. When the Provostship of the College fell vacant in 1828, Newman and Pusey turned the election against him in favour of Hawkins. Pusey said afterwards, "It is the sorrow of our lives." Keble did not

make it the sorrow of his own life. "The Christian Year" had been published the year before, and had gone through two editions; but the author, thinking as little of academic position as of literary fame, was working as a village curate, and when he died some forty years afterwards he had never, in Church preferment, risen higher than a country vicarage. There was little hope of promotion then for those who had the courage of unpopular conviction, and the Vicar of Hursley must, in his own case, have renounced that little when he induced a number of his friends to sign a protest against Her Majesty's choice of a Lutheran Prince for one of her son's god-fathers.

"When Keble's favourite pupil, Sir William Heathcote, then member for Hants, and afterwards for the University, invited him to Hursley," says Mozley in his "Reminiscences," he created the most beautiful picture of English society that this century can show." If Mozley meant by this the beauty of a pastor's life amid pastoral surroundings, the description may certainly be allowed to stand. Hursley is a village some five miles from Winchester. The slopes and avenues of the Park run down to its one winding street. The church and the vicarage-house stand close together, and the lawns of both make almost one garden. There are old people there who still remember how the vicar would sally forth on dark nights, lantern in hand, to teach farm-lads in their own cottage-homes out of their own Prayer-Books, and how the children whom he taught in the school for an hour every day, and for two hours on Sunday, would ask whether he was as great a man as the Inspector who came once a year—and this though the village was daily visited by travellers who came to see if only the garden-wall of the poet who had touched many hearts, and the church which he had almost rebuilt out of the proceeds of the "Christian Year." On Sunday afternoons in summer the "favourite pupil" and his old college tutor walked together under the trees, the young men played cricket, and the elder folk sat in the shade. At the first sound of the half-hour bell for evening service the stumps were drawn, and old and young moved towards the church, and met again as a congregation.

E. P. BARROW.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

[TO PUBLISHERS.—All Books, &c., sent to THE INQUIRER will be acknowledged under this head, with name of publisher and price, if supplied. The necessities of our space, however, compel us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.]

Prayer and The Lord's Prayer. By C. Gore. (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

Pictures of Travel and Other Poems. By Mackenzie Bell. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Christianity and Anti-Christianity. By S. J. Andrews. 9s. (Putnam.)

Capriccios. By L. J. Block. 5s. (Putnam.)

Democracy and Social Growth in America. By B. Moses, Ph.D. 4s. (Putnam.)

Jewish Religious Life After the Exile. By T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D. 6s. (Putnam.)

Bookman.

WORDSWORTH.

NOTE ON WORDSWORTH'S USE OF THE WORD "MACHINE" IN HIS POEM "SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT" AND IN "THE WAGGONER."

IN this month when many of us are celebrating, in our own quiet way, the close of the first century of the "new era in the poetry of England," which opened with the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads," readers of THE INQUIRER may, perhaps, be interested in a note on a phrase in one of Wordsworth's subsequent poems, which has been severely criticised as a glaring instance of his "prosaic language."

Wordsworth deliberately maintained that the language of poetry and prose should be the same, and that the difference between them lay, not in the choice of words, but first in the ideas to be expressed, and secondly in the metrical disposition of the words expressing these ideas. Naturally it was a considerable strain on the loyalty of his admirers, and a source of some satisfaction to adverse critics when he apparently thought the word "machine" a fitting epithet to apply to his wife. In the verses, "She was a Phantom of delight," the third and last stanza begins with the lines:—

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine.

Professor Knight, in his great edition of Wordsworth, defends these lines as follows:—"The use of the word 'machine,' in the third stanza of the poem, has been much criticised, but for a similar use of the term, see the sequel to *The Waggoner*:—

Forgive me, then; for I had been
On friendly terms with this Machine.

See also *Hamlet* ii. 2, 124:—

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this
machine is to him.

The progress of mechanical industry in Britain since the beginning of the present century has given a more limited, and purely technical, meaning to the word than it bore when Wordsworth used it in these two instances."

If Wordsworth really thought "machine" a suitable epithet to apply to his wife in the culminating stanza of a poem in which he has declared her a "Phantom of delight," a "lovely Apparition," a "perfect Woman," it would require more than Hamlet and Wordsworth himself, in another passage, to justify him; for however untechnical the meaning of the word might be, the idea of a human being as a perfect piece of mechanism is not the highest, nor can any Machine be superior to a Spirit or a Woman.

Hamlet uses the word of his material body as a mere temporary adjunct of himself; "Whilst my body is mine—i.e., so long as I live." There is no similarity between Wordsworth's use of the word, and Hamlet's, unless we are to suppose that he finds his understanding of his wife's true nature culminate in the knowledge of the anatomy of her physical frame, and his realisation of the fact that the Spirit is mere flesh and blood; a beautiful machine, but still a machine, and intelligible as such. I think even Wordsworth's severest critics would fear, for the credit of their own intelligence, to maintain that this is what he means.

Nor does the other instance of the use of the word, drawn from Wordsworth's own writings, help us. In the Epilogue to "The Waggoner," addressed to his friend Charles Lamb, he writes:—

Forgive me, then; for I had been
On friendly terms with this Machine:
In him, while he was wont to trace
Our roads, through many a long year's space,
A living almanack had we;
We had a speaking diary,
That in this uneventful place,
Gave to the days a mark and name
By which we knew them when they came.

The use of the pronoun *he* not unnaturally makes it appear so far that the Machine must be honest Benjamin the Waggoner; but we have only to read a few lines further to find that *he* was "majestically huge and slow," and that "Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain the moving image to detain," and that "Mighty Fairfield with a chime of echoes to his march kept time," and it becomes evident that *he* is the waggon and not the waggoner. If further evidence is needed, the final apostrophe affords it:—

But most of all, thou lordly Wain!
I wish to have thee here again,
When windows flap and chimney roars,
And all is dismal out of doors;
And sitting by my fire I see
Eight sorry carts, no less a train;
Unworthy successors of thee,
Come straggling through the wind and rain.

Evidence of the similar use of the word machine for a four or six horse waggon is scarcely needed, but it is interesting to find it. Kington in his "Fragments of Two Centuries," refers to a prospectus of "The Royston, Buntingford, Puckeridge, and Ware Machine, run from Royston (Bull Inn) to London, by Joshua Ellis and Co.," and to an announcement of "The Cambridge and Yarmouth Machine upon steel springs, with four able horses." I suspect the machine "on steel springs with four able horses" was a coach; but the word appears to have been in ordinary use for conveyances above the rank of a "sorry cart" last century. Notwithstanding his elaborate remarks in the dedicatory Epistle of the "Rape of the Lock" regarding the meaning of the word machine as used by the poets, Pope doubtless has some under-allusion to more terrestrial scenes and material angels when he describes in the "Rape of the Lock":—

Elysian scenes

And crystal domes and angels in machines.

I understand the word is still used for an ordinary vehicle in some parts of Scotland; and it survives all round the coast in the compound "bathing-machine."

Hamlet and the Waggoner, then, will not help us. We must come back to Wordsworth's own use of the word in "She was a Phantom of delight," and allow the poem to interpret itself. The defence of the word as a suitable one, and as quite in harmony with the poetical idea of the poem is found in the fact that he does not apply it to his wife at all. It is not her pulse that he sees. If we are to analyse and explain the figure closely, we should rather say that she is the pulse of the machine, the life of all the surrounding life and movement. But I do not think that the simile is intended to bear this distinctive application at all. The phrase "Now I see with eye serene the very pulse of the machine" is simply a statement in figurative language that now all is plain and intelligible, the

mystery and glamour has departed, she is to him pure woman and *a spirit still*, not less but more than before. A writer of less poetical ideas might have said, "And now the whole thing is plain and intelligible." It is to be hoped that no critic would have charged him with calling his wife "a thing"; and that no apologist would have quoted Falstaff's use of the word as applied to Mistress Quickly.

The appropriateness of the word machine, as thus used, depends upon the ideas associated with it. It is hardly correct to say that it was used in a less technical sense in the eighteenth century than in the nineteenth. It is still frequently used in a very general sense; but probably it was then less closely associated with prosaic ideas. A machine was still regarded as an object of wonder and admiration in the harmonious working of its parts or the great purpose of its construction. Paley sets out in his "Natural Theology" with likening the whole creation to a machine bearing silent witness to the ingenuity of the person who has constructed it; and even in devotional literature the word and the ideas connected with it were not felt to be out of place, as we see from Doddridge's

While the great wheels of nature roll
Thy hand supports the steady pole;

and Dr. John Taylor's hymn:—

The mighty God who rolls the spheres,
'And storm and fire and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine.

There is nothing unpoetical in Wordsworth's saying that he saw the relation of his wife to all about and around her with the same wonder and almost awe with which a child looks on the balance-wheel of a watch, as he gazes upon its pulsations and tries to understand how it is that they control and regulate the wonderful and beautiful machine.

And when we have reached this point we find, as is often the case in the construction of the interpretation of a great writer, a tiny key-stone which drops in and makes the arch complete. Readers of Wordsworth may notice that many of his poems appear to be sprinkled in a purposeless way with capital letters; but on careful consideration it will be seen that the capital letters are by no means purposeless, or used haphazard. In the poem on "The Power of Music," beginning "An Orpheus, an Orpheus," it will be seen that each of the *persons* of the poem has a capital letter:—The Musician, the Moon, dusky-browed Jack, the Baker, the Prentice, the Lass with her barrow, the one-pennied Boy, the tall Man, the Cripple, the Mother and the Babe. The thief in the sixth stanza has no capital letter, not by oversight or because he is an inferior character undeserving of such distinction, but because he is not a *person* belonging to the poem, he is only part of a hypothetical circumstance, "if a thief could be here he might pilfer at ease."

In the "Highland Girl" the words that are names for the Girl or the Poet himself have capitals:—fair Creature, Vision, Mountaineer, Shepherd and Shepherdess, "thy elder Brother would I be, thy Father—anything to thee!" And Memory is personified when we "feel that she hath eyes," and has a capital initial letter. (Of course this is not his only use of capitals. In this very poem, "The Highland Girl," he writes "Abode," and the same in the lines on Burns and

elsewhere, merely, I think, to distinguish the noun from the past participle of the verb.)

In "The Waggoner," the Waggoner himself, the Wain, the Sailor, his Wife and Babe, the Mastiff, the Ass—and by what other names they may be called—*e.g.*, "the Travellers," "the old Familiar of the seas," "the battered Tar"—all are honoured with capitals. And so in the Epilogue is the word "Machine," as an epithet of the waggon itself.

In the verses addressed to his wife, she is a "Phantom of delight—a lovely Apparition," her eyes and hair are as those of "Twilight," all else she has received from "May-time and the cheerful Dawn" (persons of the poem), she is "a dancing Shape . . . an Image gay . . . a Spirit . . . a Woman . . . a Creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food . . . a Being breathing thoughtful breath, a Traveller between life and death." Life and death are not personified here, or the image of a traveller between them would be ridiculous. Finally, she is "a perfect Woman . . . and yet a Spirit still"—but she is not a machine, nor is the word an epithet applied to her, nor is it used in any figure of speech for her; and therefore it has no capital letter. FRANCIS H. JONES.

LITERATURE.

THE MAKING OF RELIGION.*

MR. ANDREW LANG is unique. There is a buoyancy about him that is delightful. By sheer dint of high spirits he seems to get on anywhere and everywhere. I once knew a youth who, on his holiday tramps, would present himself in tourist garb at any house upon the road, and by charm of manner, brilliancy of conversation, and flow of spirits, would so ingratiate himself with hosts the most punctilious, that board and bed were placed at his disposal. And thus he made himself at home in the most exclusive company. And now here comes Mr. Andrew Lang, colleague in romance with Mr. Rider Haggard, Tale-teller of the brightest, Essayist in little on all the lighter themes of life, and follows up the less ambitious efforts of his *Modern Mythology* and *Custom and Myth* with a great volume of solid controversy in the fields of the anthropologist and the comparative religionist. He still wears his holiday suit even amid the gowns of the professors. There are rollicking sentences, sly hits, and swift slashes—"quips and cranks," if not "wanton wiles"—in the most academical company; and with a light heart he exhibits one after another the "ignorances" in their own field of such grave and distinguished doctors as Tylor, Spencer, Huxley, Réville, and Max Müller.

But amateur though he be, he has things to say which will surely make the professors—(dare I say it? Yes!)—"sit up." There is no other phrase, alas! than this very unliterary bit of slang, which can express the precise provocative effect which the volume must certainly have on the accepted masters of the theme. Whether or not they will be able to dispose of Mr. Lang's facts and Mr. Lang's arguments, I do not pretend to

judge; but they certainly will have to do so if they are to retain the allegiance of the ordinary educated reader.

For Mr. Lang advances an entirely new theory of the history of religion—a theory to which he has come by no *a priori* reasoning, but by the sheer drift of the mass of facts which he has collected. No one can be more surprised than himself at the theory thus evolved. He advances it with all modesty. But he does want to know, and his readers will want to know, what the authorities have to say in reply.

The anthropologists—of whom Mr. Tylor may be taken as the type and the prophet—tell us that the idea of soul or spirit, as apart from body, is derived from dreams and kindred phenomena; that primitive religion is a religion of ghosts; and that the higher Deity of more advanced religion is evolved from a ghost as its nucleus and germ. The immortality of the soul, they add, is a belief derived from the illusion of souls moving and acting apart from bodies, and likewise rests on the phenomena of dreams and trances. "Thus," says Mr. Lang in his terse way, "the ideas of God and of the soul are the result of early fallacious reasonings about misunderstood experiences"—a theory naturally unwelcome to such as esteem those two ideas the most precious heritage of the human race.

Mr. Lang's thesis is that this whole theory is founded on a one-sided and inadequate review of the subject, in which the phenomena of religion among savage peoples have been wrongly read, hundreds of facts most germane and pregnant being left wholly out of account. Let me briefly enumerate Mr. Lang's own conclusions, leaving those who are interested to go to the book itself for the immense array of contributive facts on which he builds them up.

The idea of a separate soul Mr. Lang believes to be derived from occult practices, among savage peoples, akin and almost identical with certain practices in the realm of "borderland" current in civilised communities. He exhibits among the tribes of the Pacific, of Australia, or of Africa phenomena closely corresponding to those of hypnotism, and, more specifically, practices precisely analogous to the "crystal gazing" commonly regarded among us as a fantastic superstition. But Mr. Lang has some wonderful stories to tell of crystal-gazing within his own personal observation—stories which it is easy to deride; but which can only be ignored on the hypothesis that Mr. Lang is either an arrant fool or an unscrupulous knave. It is not necessary, however, to adopt any particular theory of these phenomena in order to feel the force of Mr. Lang's argument. His point is that, whatever the true explanation of an order of phenomena which he shows to be wide-spread throughout the human race, they certainly suggest the existence of soul apart from ordinary physical existence; and would therefore naturally originate the conception of soul or spirit wherever they were experienced.

Mr. Lang is keenly aware how derogatory this portion of his book will be to its acceptance in many learned quarters. But his later chapters are quite independent of such questionable elements, and are of the utmost interest. Taking a wide sweep of survey over the continents and the archipelagoes of the world, he shows that even the lowest and most

* "The Making of Religion." By Andrew Lang. M.A., LL.D. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1898. 12s.

primitive races of men possess the idea of a supreme Deity of a highly ethical nature, a Deity the conception of whom is certainly not developed out of ghostdom, a Deity wholly independent of such service and sacrifice as a ghost-god naturally demands. Requiring no outward service at the hands of man, this God is apt by degrees to sink into neglect, and the thought of him is overlaid by the excitements and activities incident to purchasing the good-will of supernatural beings of another order. But even down to the most backward of the Australian tribes, *this ethical God is there*, and that quite independently of any contact with Christian missionaries or Christian thought. Where his worship does not sink into absolute neglect, it is degraded and corrupted by confusion with less exalted deities.

Thus Mr. Lang is for resuscitating, though in an altered form, and on quite new grounds of fact, the old and discarded "degeneration" theory, and he is of opinion that there is more in Paul's idea of a God who has never and nowhere left Himself without witness than the anthropologists are willing to concede.

With regard to the religion of Israel and Christianity, Mr. Lang holds that the primitive faith in an Ethical Supreme underwent degeneration among the children of Jacob as elsewhere, but that the unique genius of the prophets arrested the decay and restored the theistic idea to immeasurably more than its original force and beauty. They were the better able to do this that Israel was singularly indifferent to the individual soul, and that ghost-gods and the cult associated with them had therefore never seriously impinged on the worship of their God. Then, in the ripeness of time, Jesus brought from other quarters a theory of the soul, highly developed and etherealised from its primitive forms, and grafted it on to the lofty Theism of the Jews—thus combining in one superb whole the two elements of the highest spiritual religion.

"Nothing," Mr. Lang characteristically says, "excites my own suspicion of my provisional hypothesis more than its symmetry. It really seems to fit the facts, as they appear to me, too neatly." But the facts which he has adduced make a very formidable array; and his hypothesis can hardly be dismissed with a mere shrug of the shoulders. Let me conclude this account of the book by presenting in full the paragraph in which Mr. Lang finally sums up his view:—

"On the hypothesis here offered to criticism there are two chief sources of religion: (1) The belief, how attained we know not, in a powerful, moral, eternal, omniscient Father and Judge of men; (2) the belief (probably developed out of experiences normal and super-normal) in somewhat of man which may survive the grave. This second belief is not, logically, needed as given material for the first, in its apparently earliest form. It may, for all we know, be the later of the two beliefs, chronologically. But this belief, too, was necessary to religion: first, as finally supplying a formula—namely, the idea of separate soul or spirit—by which advancing intellects could conceive of the Mighty Being involved in the former creed; next, as elevating man's conception of his own nature. By the second belief he becomes the child of the God in whom, perhaps, he already trusted, and in whom

he has his being—a being not destined to perish with the death of the body. Man is thus not only the child, but the heir of God—a 'nurseling of immortality,' capable of entering into eternal life. On the moral influence of this belief it is superfluous to dwell." (P. 331.)

RICHARD A. ARMSTRONG.

SHORT NOTICES.

A collected edition of the works of Professor Max Müller opens with the first volume of his Gifford Lectures on *Natural Religion*, delivered in 1888, followed by the further volumes on *Physical, Anthropological, and Psychological Religion*. The first volume has a preface to the collected edition, in which the author speaks of the one steadfast purpose, which has been embodied in all his works, extending over a period of fifty years, to trace the evolution of language, mythology, and religion in the earliest history of mankind. (Longmans and Co. 5s.)

Of recent additions to the Silver Library we have received the translation of *Köstlin's Life of Luther*, which was first published in 1883, the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great reformer. The *Life* is based on Köstlin's standard work, *Martin Luther: His Life and Writings*, first published in two large volumes in 1875, and issued in a new and revised edition also in 1883. The smaller *Life* is itself a substantial work addressed to the educated reader, and it is fully and admirably illustrated—from old portraits and with facsimiles of various interesting documents. Luther's cell at Erfurt and his house at Wittenberg are also included. (Longmans and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Of the volumes in the Victorian Era Series we have previously noticed Canon Overton's *Anglican Revival* and the lives of John Bright and Dickens. The three subsequent volumes turned to imperial questions, the Rev. H. P. Greswell, M.A., writing on the growth and administration of British Colonies, Mr. G. Armitage-Smith, M.A., on the Free Trade Movement and its Results, and Mr. H. Holman, M.A., on English National Education, a sketch of the rise of Public Elementary Schools in England. (Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d. each.)

Sacred Scriptures of the World, "being selections of the most devotional and ethical portions of the Ancient Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, to which have been added kindred selections from other ancient scriptures of the world." New edition. The Editor of this volume, which first appeared in 1883, is the Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, formerly minister of the Channing Memorial Church, Newport, R.I., and now a "liberal Trinitarian" clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Of the 406 pages of selections, 282 are taken from the Bible and the rest from Persian, Egyptian, Hindu, Buddhist, Chinese, Greek, Roman and Arabian writers. As an example of Mr. Schermerhorn's method we may note that the selections from the Psalms are divided into thirty sections, various Psalms being joined together—e.g., Psalms xxiii. and xxiv. as one section, without indication of their original form: and in the first section of the Gospels we have traditions of the birth and childhood of Jesus, the stories of the first and third gospels being worked into a continuous narrative with not very satisfactory result.

Selections from other ancient writings arranged for edification we are even less willing to take on trust, without indication of what the works are from which selections are made, and what the context of the sentences in the originals. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12s. 6d.)

Our English Cathedrals are a source of endless fascination for their beauty, whether seen at a distance or examined in detail, no less than for the interest of their historical associations, which make them so rich a portion of our national records. In Messrs. Isbister's series we have Peterborough by the Dean, Lincoln by Canon Venables, and Carlisle by Chancellor F. S. Ferguson. They are, it is true, slight little books, but the illustrations are charming, and they would be pleasant memorials of a visit to the cathedrals so described for those who could not command more elaborate works. (1s. each.)

Lovers of Yorkshire will find a special interest in a collection of biographical sketches by Miss J. S. Pattinson, *Celebrated Yorkshire Folk*. Fifty-nine natives of the county are included in the volume, with an appendix concerning ten others who are still living. These last include the present Laureate and William Watson, the Bishop of Oxford, Henry Sidgwick, and H. H. Asquith. The sketches are arranged in chronological order, beginning with Caedmon and St. Hilda, and including John Wycliffe, Miles Coverdale, Roger Ascham, Fairfax, Marvell, Bentley, Priestley, Ebenezer Elliott, Procter (Barry Cornwall), Moncton Milnes (though actually born in London), Mark Pattison and his sister, Sister Dora, Charlotte Brontë, Annie Keary, and Sir Frederick Leighton. There is, it will be seen, abundant variety of interest. (To be had direct from the author, 28, Cunniffe-road, Bradford. 6s. net.)

In Goodly Company is the title of the most recent of Miss Frances E. Cooke's little volumes of biography. There is no writer for young people to whom we turn with greater confidence and more unflinching pleasure. We know at once when one of her books comes to us that we shall be in goodly company, whether, as in the present instance, we find a collection of short sketches, or a complete story of one noble life. The art of simplicity and beautiful truth, combined with a firm touch and a native grace, make these sketches some of the healthiest reading for young people with which we are acquainted, and we are glad to know that this book is on the junior list of the National Home Reading Union for the coming season. Robert Dick, Miss Willard, Garfield, Dean Stanley, Florence Nightingale, Nasmyth, Walt Whitman, Miss Alcott, Theodore Flidner, and Charles Kingsley are the men and women of whom Miss Cooke here tells the story. Some of the sketches have already appeared in one or other of our magazines, but they are none the less welcome on that account in this collected form. (Sonnenschein and Co. 1s. 6d.)

From the same publisher we have received *Biographical Stories*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, a second edition in this form of stories written long ago. United by the thread of a little home narrative, Hawthorne tells of Benjamin West, the artist, Newton, Dr. Johnson, Cromwell, Benjamin Franklin, and Queen Christina of Sweden. The sketches will be found pleasant reading. (Sonnenschein and Co. 1s.)

ON PILGRIMAGE.—II.

THE memories of that long-ago pilgrimage on foot from London to Stratford-on-Avon are naturally more general than detailed, though a few details remain. The pleasant way of life is easily recalled—the fresh start in the morning with a stretch of unknown road before us, then, as the hottest hours came on, the frequent rests in the shade of a hedge-row, or bit of woodland, when the books came out and we read or meditated as we pleased. Then came the chances of a mid-day meal, ranging from the luxurious chop to the humble bread and cheese. By the way, where are now the “herbs and other country messes which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses”? Were they known in Milton’s England, or did they come from a Mantuan summer and Virgil’s Second Eclogue? It needs a very slight, an almost infinitesimal, acquaintance with Virgil before you can catch in Milton’s lines the echo of the Mincian reeds. It is Milton himself that recognises in Shakespeare the “native wood-notes wild.” They did not look on English country with the same eyes, though each was English to the heart’s core. The afternoons were as the mornings, unless the rests were perhaps longer and more drowsy. With the evenings came the quaint sleepy little villages, with the inn-parlour in the twilight, the queer odds and ends of old libraries that are or were to be found in them, the clean but stuffy bedrooms, where the window never by any chance opened at the top, and a pleasant wakening to a new day seen “through the sweetbriar or the vine, or the twisted eglantine.”

Chalfont St. Giles with Milton’s cottage and its magnificent “gadding vine,” with all its interest and beauty makes one think, however, regretfully of Horton. Of all the simple beauties of Chalfont Milton could not see one; it is impossible to forget that at Chalfont he was hopelessly blind. But any one who cares to take the easy journey to Horton may see just such sights as the young Milton saw, when, before his Wander-Jahre in Italy, he lived through his Lehr-Jahre, and what the manner of that life was we learn from “L’Allegro” and from “Il Penseroso.” From the fields near by you see the “towers and battlements” of Windsor Castle “bosomed high in tufted trees.” Some ten or fifteen years back, at any rate, Horton was unspoiled, and made an ideal goal for an initiatory or tentative essay at a pilgrimage. Milton’s house has long since vanished, but in the church there is still his mother’s grave. Of Forest Hill, near Shotover, there is little to tell. We passed by that neighbourhood on one of those days of hot heavy mist that hide almost all the character and every distinctive outline of a district. In a neighbouring lane, however, there was one Miltonic touch. He speaks of “hedge-row elms on hillocks green.” Now most hedge-row elms are, as architects say of pillars, “engaged” in the hedge-row, and hillocks green there are none. But in this particular lane the magnificent wayside giants stood for a considerable distance each on his own green hillock, forming a most stately avenue. These (or such-like trees) the young Milton must have seen, when he sought that disastrous marriage. Let us hope that the wooing at least was happy, and left some bitter-

sweet memories of the Oxfordshire lanes.

We passed on our way the home and grave of yet another great Englishman—John Hampden. We had left behind us the broad grass-grown streets of Amersham, and were making for Prince’s Risborough. We turned from the high road into an avenue of magnificent trees, beneath which the grassy walk was deep in bracken. This led up to the house and church. The church was closed, and we saw no one who could open it for us. It was a lonely place. In front of the house, whither Hampden was carried after Charlgrove field, there is a lovely stretch of country. The chalk downs with their stately beech woods lead to the plain beneath. It was a fit spot in which to recall Browning’s words, “Here and here did England help me, how can I help England?” The actual field on which the ship money was levied we did not see, or seeing did not recognise. We lingered for a week at Woodstock, where the church bells play tunes, now and again, in their soft, dreamy way. *Malbrook s’en va-t-à la guerre* is one, of course, recalling in that peaceful nest of a village “old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago.” We read “Woodstock,” over again, and sat in the park where Chaucer sat, though it must be changed pretty thoroughly since his time. But at last we remembered that we were on pilgrimage, and started afresh for Stratford-on-Avon.

J. WILSON.

THE CHILDREN’S COLUMN.

THE FLOWERS WE FOUND IN OUR GARDEN.

We hadn’t always had a garden. We had been brought up and had lived in some of the largest and smokiest of our large towns, and when we went right into the real country, among hills, and had a garden of our very own, it was to us a wonderful thing. Well, we were very ignorant, and went about our weeding, digging, and sowing in the most blundering way, I have no doubt. And yet we got out of our work some of the most wonderful flowers, beautiful and useful. Shall I tell you some of their names? There was perseverance, patience, love of living things—animal and vegetable—wonder, hope, belief in law, trust, and gratitude. These and many more we found when we began to “Consider the lilies.”

First of all we had to weed, and we soon found that merely taking out the weeds did not prevent their growth; they just sprang up again until we put *flowers* in their places, for the soil *would* grow something. What a wonderful lesson! No use to say “I won’t be cross”; “I won’t get angry”; “I won’t be unselfish again”; really to conquer these weeds of our hearts we must grow the active virtues—Love, Kindness, Unselfishness. It is only the strong and healthy flower that can really eradicate the noxious weed.

Little Mary, who was too young to remember the time when we had no garden, grew up with the most extraordinary love of plants and animals. I have seen her little bare arms covered with different kinds of caterpillars; and as for frogs, she would love and cuddle them for any length of time. Ladybirds, those useful

innocents, were especial pets; and as for snails, there were constant processions of them *running races*. Sweet and beautiful exceedingly this love of living things:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Two or three days after we had sown the flower-seeds, Mary came with the most wistful face—“Mammie, I tant see no fowers.” “No, pet, it isn’t time yet; you must have patience.” “Wot’s pashens, Mammie?” “You must wait, my dear, the seeds must grow, and they take a long time.” And Patience, the wonder-working, was added to our moral bouquet, before our seeds had blossomed: Patience, most excellence of virtues. “You’ve got to put in the right seedees, Mammie, haven’t you, to get the right fowers?” “Yes, pet.” “I want some wallflowers, please, and it’s no use puttin’ in the other seedees, is it?” “No, my dear, we must get some wallflower seeds; we must *sow* what we want to *grow*.” And, then, to help Patience, stare-eyed Hope came to us, to brighten our waiting and make the time seem short. For still, as ever, “Hope leads the child to plant the flower, The man to sow the seed,” and with her the time passed quickly.

And now, can I describe the joy and wonder which crowned our work, when, having watched the growth of the little blades, the stem and leaves, at last the flowers came where we had sown the little brown seeds. Wonder, joy, gratitude, and delight unalloyed! Truly we had sown the seeds and watered, but this magnificent reward of colour, form, and scent—for this, we could give no return but gratitude and trust unbounded.

Now, shall we sum up our bouquet—perseverance, patience, love of Nature, health, hope, knowledge of law, joy, delight, thankfulness. Are not these beautiful flowers? And every one of them we found in one year in our little garden plot.

M. D. SMYTH.

TRUST.

BUILD a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes,
Of joy or sorrow.

—MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters, &c. received from the following:—A. N. B.; H. B.; E. C. (next week); J. F.; G. H.; H. V. H.; T. M.; W. M.; E. P.; G. H. P.; J. W. P. (forwarded to W. H.); E. J. R.; A. D. T.; J. R. W.; K. M. W.

THE Rev. J. E. C. Welldon’s book, “The Hope of Immortality,” reviewed last week in these columns by the Rev. J. E. Carpenter, was stated from the title-page of the American edition to be published by Messrs. Macmillan; but we notice it among the announcements in this country of Messrs. Seeley and Co., and the price 6s.

ERRATUM, INQUIRER, SEPTEMBER 3.—In the verses “On Cornish Cliffs,” verse 7, line 4, for *brought* read *bought*.

The Inquirer.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE INQUIRER can be had by order of any News-agent in the United Kingdom, or direct from the Publisher, 3, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. If by post, the prepaid terms are:—

	s.	d.
PER QUARTER ...	1	8
PER HALF-YEAR ...	3	4
PER YEAR ...	6	6

One Shilling per year extra will be charged if credit is taken.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements for THE INQUIRER should be addressed to the PUBLISHER, 3, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C., and should reach the office not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY, to appear the same week. The scale of charges is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
PER PAGE ...	4	0	0
HALF-PAGE ...	2	10	0
PER COLUMN ...	1	10	0
INCH IN COLUMN ...	0	3	8
BACK PAGE ...	5	0	0

Births, Marriages, Deaths, 6d. per line. Minimum charge, 1/6

All payments in respect to THE INQUIRER to be made to E. KENNEDY, 3, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. The requisite remittance should accompany all orders and Advertisements.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

In the *Christian World* of August 4, under the heading "An Anxious Enquiry," the following brief note, signed "Pastor," appeared:—

"May I ask my brethren in the ministry what their experience has been of the effects of the preaching of the Gospel of the Fatherhood? I was converted under a Gospel of 'terrors,' and used to preach it myself, but for ten years have discarded it in favour of the more tender and, to me, reasonable message, but I find it only appeals to the few. Somehow it does not lay hold of the masses like the older, even harder, Gospel. To me it is the true Gospel, but what am I to do in face of the failure of it to lay hold of men savingly? I am perplexed, humbled, and pained. I long to see souls saved, but though crowds come to hear, yet apparently I have no power in my Gospel to save."

The question so raised was at once taken up and discussed in a series of letters of great interest, and three thoughts of the first importance were clearly brought out in the course of the discussion—(1) There may be a truly helpful ministry that does not result in "conversions" that can at once be seen and counted; (2) We may not preach a gospel simply because we think it will answer, but only because we are convinced that it is true; (3) If we preach the Gospel of the Fatherhood of God it must not be as a shallow catchword, but we must know what it is that we are preaching.

The first and most obvious suggestion to "Pastor" was that he was looking for the wrong results from his preaching. While there were no "conversions" in the familiar convulsive sense, that did not prove that the hearts of hearers were not turned to

God, and lives strengthened and purified in the earnestness of well-doing and in a deepening sense of the Divine realities. It is not a little significant, as one correspondent pointed out, that the very word *conversion* has disappeared from the Revised Version of the New Testament, which has in its place "turned" or "turning." "Were the Twelve 'converted' when called by CHRIST? And how is it that neither He nor the Apostles ever seem to have manifested that feverish anxiety for the 'conversion' of their hearers so characteristic of modern evangelists?" And another correspondent urges that the absence of "old-fashioned conversions" is by no means to be regretted, since they were so often the result of nerves rather than of doctrine, and, after the inevitable re-action set in, left very undesirable results. "Surely the men and women who are the most shining examples of Christian living and of service and sacrifice in the Churches are those who have calmly and deliberately, and under no sudden flame of emotion kindled by an excited Revivalist, given themselves to God. One such surrender is worth half-a-hundred hysterical 'cases' at the penitent form." To any who doubt that a true conversion, or steadfast turning of the heart and life to God, may be a matter not of sudden crisis, but of quiet growth, we would commend the study of the life of JOHN WOOLMAN, who never was "converted," and yet was one of the truest followers of JESUS of whom we have any record.

But if "Pastor" is still left in doubt as to the efficacy of his preaching with many of his hearers there is this further thought to set against discouragement: A minister may not choose his gospel, for to be a gospel it must have mastered him. He must be possessed by its truth, and know that he can preach nothing else. And as to results, they are in God's hand. If a man sow good seed, there must be reaping by-and-by. "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful. We must be true to our own heavenly vision. Our work must be our life, and our life our work. We labour for a result only God can tabulate." "The real burden of our work is to seek perpetually for the Divine inspiration, to be unfaltering in our faithfulness, and then to preach in the fulness of any gifts we have. As to what is commonly understood by results—well, things are not always what they seem."

But, finally, as to the Gospel of the Fatherhood, "Pastor's" trouble may well have been the questioning of a sensitive conscience in one who, by a mistaken standard, looked for outward tokens of success, and all the time was exercising the power of a true spiritual ministry; but where there is real failure the questions at once arise—How is this gospel preached? Has the thought of God as Father really possessed the soul of the preacher, so that there is in him the power of a

living testimony, and his message is not merely words, but a gospel indeed?

One correspondent pertinently remarks that in their revolt from the old doctrine of vindictiveness and terror some preachers speak of God as if He were like ELI, too weak even to rebuke His sinful children, and another writes:—

In the revolt against what he calls the Gospel of Terrors many have substituted a piece of soft, one-sided sentimentalism for the truth of life. A kind of Fatherhood is often ascribed to God which no father on earth would find sufficient for the training of his family. The love of God is often expounded as if it were mere softness of heart, incapable of sternness or punishment, and it is made out that God rules the world by a quality that would not be adequate for any human society for one week. There was much more truth in the old Calvinism than in this sort of talk. I do not believe in the old Calvinism, but neither do I believe that God is truly conceived by any theology that leaves out of its purview important facts of life. Calvinism did look those facts in the face, and it grappled with them more bravely and earnestly than the superficial theology which represents the Divine love as if it were weak rosewater. It is just as wrong to create our picture of God out of a temporary sentimental mood as out of the mood of wrath. None of our moods will yield an adequate theology. That must come from our moral nature as a whole, from the evolution of history, and the order of the world.

The gospel of the Fatherhood of God, when rightly understood, includes the whole of the spiritual revealing of CHRIST. The message of the Cross or of the Holy Spirit, and the need of quickening to newness of life is not something separate or another gospel, but a part of the FATHER'S appeal to His children. The sternness of His discipline must be shown to be an essential part of that infinite tenderness in which the Divine love is revealed. It is in fellowship with CHRIST, in the spirit of submission and self-sacrifice, and in love that is unweary in well-doing, that we come to the fullest knowledge of the Fatherhood of God, and if in the preaching of that Gospel there is no true success, no cleansing and uplifting and strengthening of human life, no joy in the spirit, no heavenly vision, the fault must be set down, not to the Gospel, but to him who attempts to preach that by which he is not yet fully mastered and inspired.

So have I known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine press, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage; but when the lord of the vineyard had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant and make it bleed, it grew temperate of its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy branches, and made account of that loss of blood by the return of fruit.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE PULPIT.

THE MORNING SONG OF THE CREATION.

BY THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D.D.

God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.—Gen. i. 31.

It was the morning song of the Creation we heard just now in our lesson, no matter who the seer was or when he sang—a song of the time when the heavens grew clear to his vision and the great lights began to shine, for times, for seasons, for days, and for years; when the waters began to swarm with life and the land and earth brought forth grass and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, while the birds began to brood and to sing in the copses. And then his song is crowned by the grand refrain he uses so often, but now with a finer emphasis, “God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.” So I love to lay my ear to the old seer’s heart and listen to his song as we watch the succession of the seasons, the flush of the springtime, the glory of the summer, the wealth of the harvest, and the white splendour of the winter, and then to ask if this refrain is not still true, and say, this we are glancing at is no lost or fallen world, but a world which has been for ever rising from a time before time was for our human kind, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Again, when we read how the Lord God planted a garden and set the man to dress and keep it, I love to ask whether we should not give the word a nobler meaning than this we find in the record, and affirm that the whole round world is still and forever the garden of the Lord, in which all He has done since the world began bears the impress of His hand, from what we call the worthless weeds—because we know no better—to the oaks and elms, the pines, and the palms, and from the thorns and briars to the finest fruits that crown the years. All good to his vision who sang the song, good still when we once find the fitness of the thing to its place and purpose, and all springing now, as they sprang then, in the order and fitness of the very good. And so when we watch the smoke rise on the land in the springtime and the fall, should we not say the husbandman and gardener can destroy nothing? They can only turn what we call the ruck and refuse to some finer use. Nothing can grow in vain, for Jehovah saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.

But as I listen to the song, and would attune my heart to the music, another truth touches me of a very deep and true moment—that this whole round world is indeed a garden of the Lord, but we also are set to dress and keep the garden, and as it was with that we hear of within the four rivers, so it must be with this we are set to mind. “The garden” still waits for the man to reveal its true worth, and very good to the seer’s vision, it can only be good to you and me as we stand true to the sacred trust, not that it may be redeemed from a curse, but be endowed with ever new blessing, and be not alone what He made who made all things, but what we may make through faith in Him, and in our own good striving. And may I say, this truth of the worth of many things I deem

worthless began to dawn on me a great while ago when I saw a farmer in Pennsylvania planting what they call “poverty grass” on a place where the stream was eating into his meadow. It was a wretched weed I would pass on my way to and from my work, and would say sometimes, “Of what use in the world can you be, I wonder, you wretched thing the very ass disdains to eat?” But when I said to my friend Isaac, “What do you mean, sir, planting that thing in your meadow?” he answered, “Don’t you know this is the best defence you can lay your hands on against the stream, only you must keep it right here and not let it spread all over the place.” So the time came when I admitted into the garden of the Lord the wretched weed we call “poverty grass” over there in America. Long after this, again, I saw an Indian woman in the market-place of a frontier town sitting silent as the Sphinx with a store of roots and herbs she had gathered for some virtue of help and healing which had been well proven by her race through the unknown ages. And then I saw how the garden was reaching out into the wilderness far beyond my ken.

Again, I remember also how my mother would gather things she knew of in the spring-time, from which she would brew us beer of a rare virtue, as she believed, but in any case we must drink it; while she would drink with us and say, “Here’s your health, children!”—for wit was very apt to adorn her sweet wisdom. Well, the nettle was among the things she gathered for her beer, and so that grows for me now in the great garden of the Lord which belts the world.

And so it comes to pass that, as I listen to the song, I say we may well begin away down there for some notes in the grand refrain, and rise from these, if the heart of grace is in us, to the glory of the harvest home. Begin away down there I say; but, then, note the second truth I would touch: that all the things we treasure now for our best have grown to be what they are, because the man who was set to dress and keep the garden has breathed into these things the breath of his life. For, on a day of which we can find no record, the man found a tree in the woods or in the open, which was very good after its kind; but then he did not like the kind, and so he said: “I must take hold of you to make you better than you are, because you are not good enough for me. This is not the best place for you to grow, so I will move you to a better.” Or, “Your fruit is stunted, I must have some larger and finer.” Or he said: “It is too sour, but there is a tree over yonder which lacks your strength, as you lack its sweetness, so I must find some way to make you twain one by grafting.” And he found the way. Again, to the grain he said: “You are not much better than a husk, but I do not propose to eat husks now, or let the mother and children eat them, so I will thin the husks away, and have a fair round kernel. I must take care of you, and then you will take care of me and mine.” So the result to-day is this: that these things we found growing in the garden of the Lord have experienced what we call, in our systems of theology, “conversion,” “regeneration,” and “adoption,” as through the untold ages we trace the story of their evolution by the grace of heaven and our good human striving, from the harsh and bitter crab to the promise

made true for us in the summer-time and fall, and from the poor husky weed to the finest of the wheat and the corn. This has been done by the man who was set to dress and keep the garden, through making good for our human use and nurture what was already good to the seer’s vision, while still the man strives for a better than his best, and says alike to weed and the wheat, “Ye must be born again.”

But now as I listen to the refrain, and turn from the earth to the man, this question touches my heart and insists on some answer soon or late: Can it be true that He in whom we live and move and have our being has made nothing to grow in His garden which has not some true place and purpose, no matter how worthless it may be to my poor limited vision? While the whole drift of discovery in this age points toward the truth that even the Canada thistle has some true place—for I take it that of Scotland needs no advocate since Burns sang his song—a true place and purpose for all things in the garden, but everything in its place. If this is true, then when we turn, I say, from the earth to the man, shall we not dare to believe for His sake who is the God and Father of us all, or for pity’s sake when such a faith fails us, that this garden of the Lord, over which the seer sang so grandly, holds good for our human kind? Let me admit, as I must, that there are myriads in this world past all numbering, who are as the sagebrush on the great plains, as the thorns and briars and the weeds and worthless vines—men and women—yes, and children too, God help them!—whose lives seem to be all warped and worthless, so that we are tempted to say to the Most High: “Why hast Thou made them thus? And now they are made, what can we do with them in Thy garden?” Men and women rough as your blackthorn, spiked as your cactus, sour as your unsunned crab, or bitter as your aloe, and what shall we say to these? That some should live we easily believe.

The wonder is that they should ever die. But these vast hopeless swarms—who can conceive

How they should live, or why?

So the question confronts us of this great human garden, while I can imagine the answer we may give touching the fruits and flowers within our own home lot, and within the gardens all about us, when we are indeed men and women of a liberal heart and mind as we should be. Easily we may say, then, to those who stay within the fences of their Saint John Calvin, “Your home lot must be the choicest and the best to your thinking, because the plot was laid out and the planting ordered in the Divine predestination and election, nor have you failed to give proof of your worth in raising a strong and noble manhood, which has made the world your debtor.” And to the Baptist brotherhood: “Your garden plot by the river of waters is a right noble heritage also, and the fruits and flowers of, let us say, the Roger Williams and Robert Hall varieties are all the heart can desire, sweet and sound in the cup and to the core.” And to my mother Methodism we can say, “What an ample space you have fenced in from God’s great garden, and how well the plants have thriven on the wide, sunny slope chosen by your Saint John Wesley, and how sweet and large some of the fruitage has been in all these years.” And to our Church of the Episcopate, “How high some of the plants in

your garden do grow, to be sure, in these last times, and how you love to mass that fine colour, while we who are not of your name have only admiration and love for the fruit and flowers of the Dean Stanley and the Phillips Brooks varieties, so large and generous they are, and so welcome to the good and true in all the gardens, no matter what the name." Yes, and to the great Church of the ages: "Your garden plot may well be the best to your mind also, and indeed it is true that you have ripened fruit and bloomed forth in flowers which may well challenge the best beside the world has ever seen. But is not this true, some of your wisest men are saying under their breath, that you will have to change your methods in our new time, or your great old garden has seen its best days?" So easily, I say, we may take the truth of the gardens as it covers all the plots fenced in and held through our common Christendom, while we may also believe that this which bears our name is the best for you and me, though so far it may be among the smallest.

But then we take heart in the conviction that the pollen from the flowers and the blossoms on our tree of life goes far and wide to enrich the gardens all about us, and I doubt not that this is true. But when this has been said, we must still face the question of what we deem the wild things and worthless in this garden of our human kind. What shall we say to these? This question I would try to answer first by asking another, and it is this: Can we believe that any human creature ever lived whose life did not, in some way which may well lie beyond the limits of our reason, but may still lie within the heart of our faith in the Most High God our Father and in His eternal providence and love—any human creature ever live, I repeat, whose advent did not in some wise serve the world where all are needed by each one and nothing is fair and good alone? So while we must believe in the noblest and the best, may we not be sure there is some grain of worth in us all, and believe also that this is just as true of the savage as of the saint, for the savage must have been the forefather of the saint when you trace the race backward through the mists of time; and so when we say it takes all sorts of men to make a world, should we not do well to remember that this was God's world before it could be yours and mine?

Believe there is always a God-made man within the dust and chaff, the husks and shells, the sour, the hard or the bitter, and He who ruleth in the heavens and on the earth is not alone One, but at one with Himself and with our human kind in His eternal purpose which touches at once the flower and the weed in this vast human garden. So while it was once the faith of the fathers from whom we hail that only a handful of the elect in all the world and in all time are His very own, while for the rest there was only burning in the eternal fires, shall we not dare and do well to believe and teach in all our churches and all our homes that the meanest, the poorest, the most hapless and hopeless in human estimation—these have still some place in the Divine purpose and the Divine regard, or else my friend poverty grass must be more than the man? This was once the dominant faith, that there are few which be saved—a faith which has seen its best, which must also mean its

worst, days, while we are not alone Evangelists now of the larger hope. For I notice the writer of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," that good Scotchman, makes one man say to another, when they confer about a new preacher who is evidently not sound in the faith once delivered to the saints, that he said in so many words, "We are all God's bairns, and He was going to do the best He could do for every one of us"; but the other answers "Why, this was mixing-up the Almighty with his own faith, and indeed I have heard some folk say He cannot be worse than one's ain faith, only a sight better. But noo where would we be if we allooted the like o' that to be preached? Why, half the doctrines wad have to be reformed." The reformation has begun. Day unto day uttereth speech of the nobler faith and hope, and night unto night showeth knowledge. Let us thank God for that, and be glad with a great gladness, the reformation has begun. Nor with this faith in the hidden worth of the weed can we fail to find proof of this to hearten us, and not seldom where we least expect it, within the husks and shells and the weeds.

Let me tell you of one I found some years ago in an English journal. George Skidmore was a wild weed in the Black Country, one of the most hopeless to the thinking of those who were set to watch the gardens, and a rough of the most evil brand. He was a coal miner, and one day when he was at work with his comrades in the pit the water broke in on them and they were driven back for dear life far from human succour. His mates were of the fine old Methodist strain, and so when their hope of rescue began to burn low they began to cry unto God and to sing of the hope which was laid up for them in heaven, while they would have George join them in supplication, but he said, "I canna do it; I will dee as I am."

But there was a small boy in the pit, a son of one of his comrades, who after some time, as he sat near the rough, began to moan and cry. "What's the matter, lad?" George said, "what is thou crying for?" "I'se hungry," the little lad said, "and cold, and I want my mother," and then the wild weed came to the unseen and unsuspected promise. George had some trifle of bread and meat saved from his dinner, but if there was no release save by the gates of death, and what the good comrades said was true, that bit of bread and meat might hold him a few hours longer from the deeper pit and the flames below. He did not think of this, or did not care, but felt about for his dinner can and gave his treasure to the boy, took off his big rough coat and folded it about him, and said "Now go to sleep and happen they will get us out, and then thou will go home to thy mother." They were all saved after eight days, I think, but the weed had flashed out the hidden glory, down there in the valley and shadow of death. The man had held a communion service in the lowest room, and when I read the story I seemed to hear a voice whispering, "This was my body broken for thee, poor lad, and this my blood." Deep down within the husks and shells was the unslain human soul—nay, the Divine soul—of the man who could save another but himself he would not save. And so poverty grass, say you, in this human garden, sage-brush in the sand, unsunned crab-weed for the burning. True, I answer, true, but not the man

within the man unto whom I heard the Master saying, "You did that unto the least of mine. You did it unto me."

This is the truth as it touches our human life: we are here to dress and keep the garden. While just here I think we touch what the Apostle calls the mystery which has been kept in silence through the times eternal, the mystery which touches us when such things are done and they reveal the hidden glory, the beauty, the grace, the fragrance, and make good Savonarola's noble word, "God is the great helper, but He loves to be helped."

I mind well how I went once into the wilderness far away with a friend who wanted to fish, but as I have no love for such delights, I wandered away from him and found a flower blooming forth from the tilth of a dead pine which lay over the strong rushing river—a wild flower, and strange to me, with a colour like the sapphire seen through a thin mist, and a beauty and grace to make a man thank God that such a flower should grow for me so far away from any human habitation, and with no care save that which touched his heart, the Master's heart, when he said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow." I said it was a new flower to me, but as I stood there in a loving and tender admiration, that line of the noblest poet among the women of our century seemed to come true that "If an angel tossed down flowers from heaven at intervals, we soon should attain to a trick of looking up."

Sprung from a seed blown there on the wings of the winds, or brought there by some bird which had lighted on the log for an instant and then gone singing to his nest, it was still from an angel's hand to mine, while I knew also that the seed had not bloomed forth into this perfection of beauty in the sunshine and rain of the one happy summer, but held in its cup the wealth of ten thousand springs and summers, autumns and winters. The perfection had come through all the sunshine and all the rains, all the frosts and all the fires, and had not alone come scatheless through these perils, but had won from them this rare beauty and grace. Beautiful it must have been anywhere, but there it stood on the old log, swaying in the soft summer wind, balanced on that slender stem against all the forces in the universe, and yet still in harmony with them, while all things had worked together for the perfect charm. And now it touches the truth I fain would tell of the great human garden. For no doubt this was once a thing from which I should have turned away in disdain, "in the stir of the forces whence issued the world," and gave birth to the refrain of the very good. But it was His flower who laid out the garden before it could be mine, and so through all the millenniums the saying of His anointed one was coming true—"if He so clothes the lily, shall He not much more clothe you?"

And so it must be, as my faith stands, with this human garden we are set to dress and to keep, while I think our trouble with the weeds and the wild things is somewhat like that of our grand teacher in America, Horace Mann, who said: "I have always been in a hurry to have things done, but have learned at last that the eternal God takes His own time." Such a human flower bloomed forth early in our century in a town here in my motherland, so thick with smoke and grime that some one says to see it on a

clear day is like looking up a chimney, and on a cloudy day like looking down a chimney. And it was from among the weeds also this human flower sprang, while the place where the youth must toil for bread looked out on a yard full of old iron. But now when I read some of the songs he sang about the great garden, I am in my motherland, and wander with him through the sweet spaces of his Hallomshire, as we wander with Burns by Bonnie Doon, I hear the lark in full song and see the heather all abloom; and such men tell the story of the flowers which grow in the great human garden, to make all musical for us the song of the very good, and nurture our faith and hope.

It was down there, also, he grew—the great poet of all the ages—in the mystery which had been kept in silence through the times eternal. I dream sometimes how one might ask him whence came the matchless dramas, and he would answer, “I hear that some men and women among you down there are saying they came from my Lord Bacon. They are not my works that I should boast, for whatsoever is noblest and best in them was done by the inspiration from on high.” So these flowers, I say, bloom forth for ever on the logs and among the weeds. Under every sun they grow and in every clime. It is the story of the noblest and best in the great human garden. Lifters of the burdens, you ask, whence came your inventions? Men of genius and women, whence your noblest books? Pioneers of the nations, what moved you to the front? Great divines, whence came your noble sermons? Merchant princes, worthy the name, whence came your wisdom? Is this we call genius in you all only, as some say, the power to kindle your own fire, as when the red man or the dark man will rub you two sticks together? So stands the question, and in the heart of all there is but one answer—the answer Morse made to a dear friend of mine, many years ago, who said to him, “Are you not proud, sir, of your great invention?” “No,” he said, “because it does not seem to have been done by me so much as through me.”

So they come to us out of the mystery as we stand in our lot—come with the strong jetting heart, with the deep gleaming eyes, with the grand wedge on the human face that will split all the rocks of hindrance; come with the winsome speech, come with the seer's vision, come with the saints' faith and hope, and come as Jesus the Christ came, out of their Nazareth from God. They come to sing new songs for us, to be leaders and captains in grand reforms, to found noble institutions, and to make radiant the truth fresh from heaven. And we can be co-workers with them and with God and His Christ in this great human garden which belts the world. And so for faith and fellowship we make the good confession: There is one God and Father of us all, who is above all and through all and in you all, one God, the Father, of whom are all things and we in Him. For in Him we live and move and have our being. He is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. And He is love. And with this faith in us we shall find no worthless weeds. Worthless they may be to the eye, but never to this heart of faith in Him and in His Christ, to whom the lowest and meanest was so close of kin to highest, who has breathed into these also the breath of His life. Therefore

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man that thou shalt meet,
In lane, highway, or open street,
That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above;
That weary deserts we may tread,
Dreary perplexities may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led,
But we on divers shores now cast
Shall meet, when all these storms are past,
Safe in our Father's home at last.
And ere thou leave him say thou this,
This one thing more: they only miss
The speedy winning of that bliss
Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in this we live and move.
And one thing further let him know:
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,
In spite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with cursing rife,
That this is blessing, this is life.

A CHURCH IN SWITZERLAND.

ON Sunday morning, July 31, my wife and I joined in a religious service, the scene and circumstances of which we shall never forget. We were at Glarus, the capital of the Swiss canton of the same name. Glarus is a very small canton. Its whole length is only a ten hours' walk (according to the Swiss reckoning), and its breadth six hours'. Its whole population is about 34,000, and the capital is a little town of about 6,000. These are insignificant numbers, but in human affairs numbers are a poor test of what merits attention. The history of Switzerland often illustrates this truth, and Glarus illustrates it to-day. Even as regards natural scenery, this diminutive bit of country is one of the most interesting in Switzerland. It is one of the grandest parts of the Alpine region. It consists of but one short valley, with its branches; but this valley is remarkable for its depth and the precipitousness of its rocky walls, which rise in huge steps thousands of feet above the meadows at their base. The town of Glarus, which is situated a few miles up the valley, is almost surrounded by such rocky walls; from every part of it you look up to the mighty mountains, which seem almost to overhang you in an attitude of threatening, but are nevertheless beautiful in their might—so fine are their forms, so rich is their colouring.

It might be thought that such a place would be shut in and isolated, and consequently backward in social, educational, political, and religious matters. But the case is quite the contrary. Glarus is not shut in or isolated. Though the surrounding mountains are high and steep, the valley floor is comparatively level for a considerable distance, and traffic up and down, and outward in the northerly direction, is easy. For many years a railway has traversed it, and brought it close to the important town of Zürich. Moreover, it was well in touch with the outside world before it had a railway. It has long been a busy centre of the cotton industry, and its manufactures have gone all over the world. In political matters there is the utmost freedom, and freedom does not seem to produce either licence or indifference, for the community is a very orderly one and there is much public spirit. Two facts are of special interest from the political point of view. Canton Glarus is one of the few communities in

Switzerland (and indeed in the world) in which all the citizens are called together periodically (in this instance yearly) in public assembly and in the open air, and have opportunity to propose and decide what matters shall be legislated upon, and in what sense. On these occasions the boys from the schools are provided with seats, in order that they may listen to the proceedings, and learn to understand the responsibilities and rights of citizenship.

The second fact also illustrates the keen sense of political duty there is amongst the people. It is this: that when an election to any public office takes place, every qualified voter who does not go to the poll or send a satisfactory explanation of his neglect to do so, is subject to a fine. We saw notices of a coming election, in which a reminder was given to the thoughtless as to their liability in this respect. We could hardly believe that it meant what it said, but inquiry proved that it was quite serious to the letter.

With these particulars regarding other matters in mind, the reader will not be surprised to hear that in religion also the people of Glarus have something original to show us. Three-fourths of them are Protestants, and only one-fourth Roman Catholics, and it is in the mutual relations of these two religious bodies that the people of the capital have struck out a new line. They have agreed to worship in the same building; they possess the same church, which is therefore both Protestant and Catholic or neither Protestant nor Catholic—whichever way you prefer to put it. They join together to defray the cost of its maintenance. But, then, having united so far, they agree, for the rest, to be separate. They have their own hours of worship and conduct their services in their own way.

Having read that this was the arrangement adopted, we were not a little curious about several things.

A Roman Catholic church invariably presents a very different aspect from a Protestant church. This is not always so in England, indeed, in these days of ritualism, but it is true of Germany and Switzerland. In a Catholic church there is an altar (not a mere Communion table), and this is more or less elaborately decorated: there are pictures and images, and there is the light which is always kept burning to symbolise the perpetual presence of the body of Christ in the bread which is sheltered by the “tabernacle.” Then there are usually side-chapels and altars, dedicated to particular saints or other objects of devotion, and round the church there is the series of fourteen pictures, known as the “Stations of the Cross.” Lastly, there are confessional boxes. Now, in a church used by both Protestants and Catholics, one of three things must happen: either these adjuncts of Catholicism are present and are tolerated by Protestants, or they are absent and are surrendered by Catholics; or a compromise is made, and some are present and some absent, Catholics surrendering something, Protestants tolerating something.

The question inevitably occurred to one's mind—which of these solutions was most likely to have been adopted?

Were Catholics likely to surrender everything? Surely not. Were Protestants likely to tolerate everything? Surely not, also. Then, if a compromise had

been effected, of what kind was it? Where had the line been drawn? What had the Catholics given up which was likely to disturb the minds of Protestants? What did the Protestants endure in order to satisfy the Catholics? And what influence was this attitude of mutual accommodation likely to have upon the worship and religious life of the two congregations? It is always right and good that people who differ in opinion should allow each other liberty and respect each other's sincerity; but it is not always right and good that they should practically unite and co-operate, because it is not always possible to do so without disloyalty to deep and solemn conviction. Was this difficulty obviated in the present case? If so, how?

It was with such queries as these in our minds that we went to the Protestant service at nine o'clock, the Catholics having had Mass previously. We could not but wonder whether the church would have a half-Catholic air which would seem incongruous with Protestant worship, or, at least, with the Protestantism of the usual worshippers. And I will now describe our impressions.

So far as we ourselves were concerned, there was nothing whatever to jar upon our feelings. On the contrary, the service seemed to gain much from the influences connected with the double occupation of the building.

The service of the reformed churches abroad is as a rule extremely simple—often tending even to baldness. In this instance, I was struck by the total absence of anything in the nature of the usual lessons or readings. The whole service consisted of prayer, sermon, two short selections from a single hymn (sung very slowly) and two short passages of organ music; and, though the only Protestant service for adults during the day, it was over within an hour. This fact, together with the plainness of other Protestant churches in the canton, was suggestive of a puritanic indifference to variety and beauty in the expression of religious feeling.

There was a sturdy, practical good sense in the sermon and earnest moral aspiration in the prayers, but the music was the one part of the service which seemed to fill the imagination and strongly raise the feelings, touching one with a sense of the greatness of human faculty and the infiniteness of Divine possibility, and, as we afterwards learned, the organist who produced this effect was a Roman Catholic. The fact that a Roman Catholic had been appointed organist by Protestants on the ground of merit, and without regard to distinction of creed, is to their credit; but it is, perhaps, only an illustration of the wider fact that the beauty and brightness of the church depends in no small degree upon the Catholics' connection with it. I do not know in what degree the Catholics may have influenced the architectural details of the building (it is a new and very handsome one, built to replace the old one, which, with two-thirds of the town, was destroyed by fire in 1861, and was similarly occupied [by Catholics and Protestants]); but they have certainly added much to the beauty of its interior by the three fine pictures which stand above their three altars. These altars are, indeed, in every respect in admirable taste; it seems as though the Catholics had resolved to conciliate Pro-

testant feeling to the utmost by means of consummate artistic skill, and especially by dignified reserve, which is perhaps the clearest proof of a true feeling for the beautiful.

And yet we could not but wonder whether there were not some Protestants who looked upon these altars with impatience, not to say disgust or hatred. One of the pictures represents the Virgin Mary surrounded by adoring cherubs. There this picture stands facing the Protestants during their worship. It is beautifully painted, but are there not many Protestants who for this reason would the more severely resent its intrusion upon them during their own devotions? Does Glarus contain none such?

Of course, we could not get any answer to such a question. Indeed, we did not put it. It would probably require long residence amongst the people before one could ascertain fully and with certainty the state of feeling on such a matter. There might be a good deal of silent objection to the joint Catholic and Protestant occupation of the church—a good deal of abstinence from worship on account of it, which a stranger could not discover. But we inquired of several people likely to know, whether the joint occupation gives rise to any difficulty or ill-feeling, and we received from all an emphatic answer in the negative. Even if this is not universally true, it must be widely so, or the arrangement would not exist. And the fact is remarkable and interesting. There are two considerations which may throw some light upon it, and at least partly account for it.

The first is that the arrangement is wholly one of voluntary agreement. The case is entirely different from that of the Protestant and "Romanising" parties in the Church of England who are now so bitterly at feud. The evil of the present situation in the Church of England is that people holding diametrically opposite views upon some fundamental points of religion are bound together in the same organisation, and can and must appeal to the same formularies in support of those views. They must worship at the same service, and hear what they regard as false interpretations put upon prescribed words, and see what they regard as wrong applications made of the prescribed rules of ritual, but they can do nothing—they must either submit or go elsewhere—unless, indeed they join in an agitation which savours of fanaticism. This is the situation of everyone, whether High Churchman, or Low Churchman, who insists that the Church is a national institution to which he has the same right as anyone else, and yet insists also that there should be in it a unity of faith founded upon the existing formularies. Strife must result from such pleas. The Protestants of Glarus, on the other hand, can share the same church with Roman Catholics, because there is no pretence of doctrinal unity, and no bond of State or creed intended to secure unity; but both parties are free to arrange for common or separate action as occasion permits or requires.

But for a full explanation we must go deeper than this, for Protestants and Catholics, even when free, rarely live so amicably together. I know of no other instance of both using the same pews and pulpit.

There must be a liberal, broad-minded, uncontentious spirit in the whole population. Perhaps we get one of the keys to

this in the fact that the church at Glarus has a noble tradition behind it. For ten years Zwingli was pastor of it, and though he was still nominally a Catholic when he left in 1516, he had already adopted many of the views afterwards promulgated by Luther, and had preached some of them. From the first, too, he had distinguished himself by his bold denunciation of moral evils, his subordination of questions of doctrine, his insistence upon practical goodness of life as the matter of first importance. When he took his stand with the Protestants, and became the chief leader of the Reformation in Switzerland, he still worked on the same method. In breadth of mind he was far greater than Luther. He has, indeed, been rightly described as "the most open-minded and liberal amongst the Reformers." "He grasped the conception of a broad Christian union, beyond unessential differences in doctrine and ritual, to which it can hardly be said the Christian Church has yet attained." He regretted to differ from his brethren, but he regretted infinitely more that they should make difference of opinion a ground of enmity and bitterness. Nothing showed his spirit better than the almost tragic episode of his conflict with Luther. Luther at last was willing to make peace, if Zwingli would assent to fifteen theological propositions. But so rigid was he that when Zwingli declared his entire agreement with the first fourteen, but his disagreement with part of the fifteenth, he refused him the right hand of fellowship. Filled with sorrow, rather than with anger, Zwingli could only burst into tears. It is a mere guess of my own, but I fancy the impression of this man's character to be still upon the people of Glarus, and to explain (at least in part) their capacity for conciliation in religion.

Perhaps the most difficult thing to understand is that the Catholics should be willing to surrender so much. The church contains no visible marks of their tenure except those I have mentioned. There are, for example, no confessional boxes, no Stations of the Cross to be seen. We had, unfortunately, too little time and opportunity to inquire how it came about that the Catholics had consented thus to reduce and simplify the outward evidences of their creed. But there is the remarkable fact, and it is an example which one would like to see more often followed.

There appears to me to be only one conceivable danger in such amicable arrangements—namely, that for the sake of convenience (for it is a great practical advantage to have one fine building instead of two poorer ones), or for the sake of a superficial amity, conviction may be regarded lightly, silence kept upon questions of truth and error upon which it is necessary to speak, and a disposition fostered to rest content at the stage reached rather than to push on. I can imagine, for example, that anything in the nature of criticism of Catholic doctrine or practice is a very delicate matter for a Protestant preacher speaking in a church where Catholics also worship. Yet criticism may be necessary, and the temptation to silence should not be yielded to. Rightly regarded, the situation would, indeed, give scope for the highest exercise of the faculties of the mind and heart. For there is, perhaps, no clearer proof of noble character than the capacity to speak openly, but kindly, to those near about

you and closely linked with you, who differ from you, and on the other hand to receive openly and kindly the same free speech from them.

In the custom of the people of Glarus there is much for us to think about, as regards our relations to other religious bodies, the relations between the various sections of our own religious community, and our relations to one another in all matters upon which we differ.

H. RAWLINGS.

P.S.—I have just heard from Dr. Buss, pastor of the church at Glarus, who has kindly answered some inquiries which were addressed to him, that the joint occupation of the church by Protestants and Catholics dates from the Reformation period; that it commenced during the pastorate of Valentin Ischudi, Zwingli's successor (also, says Dr. Buss, "his pupil and a humanist"), that, during the credal unsettlement, Tschudi ministered separately to both Protestants and Catholics, "reading the Mass to the Catholics as hitherto, in the early morning, and afterwards preaching the gospel to the 'Reformed' congregation."

These particulars are of singular interest, and they confirm my guess about the continuity of Zwingli's influence. I learn, however, that the church contains two confessional boxes, which stand under the galleries of the transepts.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME; and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

DR. A. R. WALLACE AND VACCINATION.

SIR.—Mr. Lloyd in his last letter inadvertently assumes that Dr. Wallace asserts a rise in the London small-pox death-rate between 1850 and 1860, and founds an argument thereon; but Dr. Wallace's book contains no such assumption or argument. Mr. Lloyd quotes from a general summary, instead of from the fuller and more exact explanation on p. 35, where we read that from 1838 to 1870 zymotics actually rose, "and from 1835 to 1871, averaging the great epidemic with the preceding ten years, we find that small-pox also rose, or at the best remained quite stationary." (In fact, there is a slight rise.) If, however, "this check" be read for "this rise" in the summary which Mr. Lloyd quotes, it becomes perfectly accurate even when severed from its context, and Dr. Wallace's argument remains sound. That argument is not based upon the word, but the fact to which the word refers. Mr. Lloyd's criticism consists in the isolation of this one word "rise," and its unwarranted application to a period selected by himself for the purpose.

E. W. LUMMIS.

P.S.—In a letter which I have just received from Dr. Wallace, he says: "Mr. Lloyd takes a single chosen period of ten years only, from 1850 to 1860, in which there is a slight fall, but I have never referred to this period, or to any such short periods, but to the averages for periods of at least twenty to thirty years. It is the averaging of the great epidemic that is the essential point which Mr. Lloyd has omitted. Always keeping that

in mind, I maintain that any unprejudiced person will see the general parallelism of the lines in the diagram, which is what I claim to be proved."

E. W. L.

PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLY OF LONDON AND SOUTH-EASTERN COUNTIES.

SIR.—Kindly permit me to state that friends who intend to be present at the annual meeting of the Assembly, at Dover on October 4 will, on presenting the railway coupon attached to their luncheon card, be able to purchase a one day return ticket for 5s., and to travel by the L.C. and D. Boat Express, starting at 9 A.M. from Holborn Viaduct Station only on that date, provided a sufficient number of passengers can be guaranteed. Full particulars of the service, meetings, &c., will be advertised in your issues of September 24 and October 1.

FREDERIC ALLEN, Hon. Sec.

5, Holland-grove, S.W.

LIVERPOOL LETTER.

AN old adage says: "Happy is the nation which has no history." Apply the same to local Unitarianism, and for some months our bliss ought to have been intense. At last, however, to change the simile, the sluggish waters have been moved. An angel has stirred them up into health-giving life. If the scriptural angel means simply a messenger, surely one has visited us. "How lovely upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings," and Robert Collyer is truly a messenger who preaches good tidings; also has he stirred the sluggish waters to our healing.

We have had a feast of fat things. Firstly, on Sunday morning, Hope-street church was fuller than I have seen it for years, a great gathering having been attracted by the familiar and loved name of our Anglo-American poet-preacher. And it was no mob of Athenians seeking simply to hear some new thing, but an earnest congregation of thoughtful people, whose hearty, congregational singing and hushed stillness in prayer bespoke a reverent and worshipful spirit. As for prayer and sermon—is any word of mine needed? Devout, witty, serious, humorous, pathetic, satirical (in a kindly way), prophetic; voice, face, personality all aiding; in a word "Robert Collyer"! We came out nourished for new work, new faith, new hope and love. The preacher's "incorrigible and unscrupulous optimism," as I heard it called, sends a thrill and a glow through tired hearts and makes the outlook more sunny for days after.

On Monday evening a more private social function drew a goodly number of the sterner sex together, when, after a good dinner and some good toasts (Queen and President) the guest of the evening stood up and discoursed sweet philosophy, autobiography, and anecdote as few can do save himself.

The last time I sat at dinner with Dr. Collyer our host was the Rev. Theodore Williams, of New York, who hospitably took me into his New York home on my way back from Japan, over seven years ago. I see little change since then in the massive physique, the leonine head, the sweet, sunny smile of our blacksmith preacher. His eye is not dimmed, nor his

natural force abated yet. May it be many years before the golden bowl is broken!

Tuesday evening witnessed yet another Collyer celebration, when the Committee of the Unitarian Institute summoned members and friends together to shake hands with and wish God-speed to the traveller, who, even as I now write, is leaving the old shores behind him. A goodly crowd gathered, and in due time, after a few loving introductory words from Mr. Armstrong, the old man eloquent gave us his parting benediction in the shape of one of the sweetest, ripest, and most helpful gossips one need care to hear. Some got his autograph, most his grip of the hand, and all wished him back soon. He sails in sunshine, but carries a better sunshine in his own big cheery heart.

After the holiday season preachers and people are getting back to work, and I trust empty seats will be well filled for autumn and winter. Many changes have taken place during late months. The Ancient Chapel, Gateacre and Liscard have new ministers, all heartily welcomed and trusted. Some venerable faces will no more be seen in our church visible, and the young men and women must bestir themselves to try to fill the gaps. But a good spirit is manifest on all hands. We have no spots on our love-feasts, no blots on our records. All is hopeful and cheery. Our big missions are planning big winter campaigns, and every worker will be wanted. With a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, the churches we love ought to go ahead.

H. W. HAWKES.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Thursday Morning.]

Gateshead.—The inaugural service of this new movement (resulting from a course of lectures and Sunday services conducted by the Rev. Arthur Harvie, Missionary Agent of the Northumberland and Durham Unitarian Christian Association, in the beginning of the present year and reported in these columns), was conducted on Sunday last, Sept. 11, by the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, of London, in the Beaconsfield Hall, Coatsworth-road. A congregation of eighty persons assembled, who joined most heartily in the service and followed with closest attention Mr. Bowie's sermon, which was a clear and powerful exposition of Unitarian principles, and likewise a justification for the opening of another church in the district. On the following day a soirée and public meeting were held. Tea was served at six o'clock to a large company of the members and friends of the new church. At 7.30 the chair was taken by the Rev. Arthur Harvie (minister in charge), who was supported by the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. D. Davies, Messrs. F. C. Slater, and E. H. Coysh (representing the Northumberland and Durham Association), Messrs. T. Paxton, C. Carter, and J. Duncan Donald (representing the Lay Preachers' Association), Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Iron (Pyker), Messrs. Newlands and Robinson (South Shields). A letter of apology was read from the Rev. James Groat, Congregational minister. The hall was quite filled by an audience numbering about 150. After the opening hymn, "One Holy Church," Mr. Harvie delivered a thoroughly practical and helpful address, and extended a welcome to all present. On the motion of Mr. S. Hulse (secretary of the church), seconded by Mr. Henry Sutcliffe (superintendent of the Sunday-school), a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Bowie for his services. In replying, Mr. Bowie delivered an excellent address of encouragement and counsel, which was highly appreciated. During the evening songs and selections of music were admirably rendered between the speeches. After the usual votes of thanks and the singing of a closing hymn, the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie pronounced the Benediction, which brought a most successful gathering to a close.

Great Yarmouth.—The Rev. W. Rodger Smyth has concluded a series of summer discourses on "Lessons from the Objects of Nature." The subjects have been—"A Handful of Grass," "Birds of the Air," "This Great and Wide Sea," "Good Food for Man," "Mother Earth," and "Sunlight." Visitors have been present during the season from Norwich, London and elsewhere. Reports of the discourses have appeared in the local newspapers.

Hale (Appointment).—The Rev. T. Robinson, of Swansea, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pulpit of Hale Chapel, near Altrincham, in succession to the Rev. J. C. Hirst; and will enter upon his new duties in the new year.

Liscard.—The annual picnic took place on Saturday week, when a party of over ninety assembled at Seacombe Station, bound for Hope Mountain, in Flintshire. The weather was perfect, and after an hour's run through beautiful scenery the destination was reached. After tea, some way up the hill, at Bryn-y-orkin Farm, and an examination of the house, which is of sixteenth-century architecture and was formerly used as a monastery, the ascent was continued, and reaching the summit the climbers were rewarded by a magnificent view of the surrounding country and the distant ranges of the Welsh mountains, in addition to witnessing a sunset of more than ordinary splendour. The event was an emphatic success, and Messrs. Hollinshead, Moss, and Mason were heartily thanked for their happy selection and excellent general arrangements.

London: Bermondsey.—Our minister resumed his duties last Sunday. During his holiday the pulpit has been supplied by various friends. On the Sunday immediately preceding the vacation we had a visit from Mr. Albert Slater, solicitor, of Hyde, who addressed the Sunday-school in the afternoon, and preached in the evening. Mr. Slater, who was formerly secretary of Flowery Field Church and superintendent of the Sunday-school, under Mr. Rylett's ministry, was warmly welcomed and created a very favourable impression. We are now busily preparing for our winter's work. The harvest thanksgiving services take place on the 25th inst. Special Revival Services will be inaugurated on Oct. 9 by Rev. S. A. Brooke, and will be taken part in by the Revs. W. Copeland Bowie, W. G. Tarrant, James Harwood, and Harold Rylett. Social Union and temperance work will proceed as usual, and a jumble sale will be held about the end of October.

Swansea (Resignation).—The Rev. T. Robinson, having received and accepted a unanimous invitation to become the minister of Hale Chapel, has resigned the pastorate of the High-street Church, Swansea. His resignation takes effect at the end of the year.

Torquay.—Preaching at Unity Hall, on Sunday week, the Rev. Priestley Prime referred with satisfaction to the conclusion of the strike of the South Wales Miners, and also to the Tarr's proposal of a Peace conference. "A grave and awful responsibility," he said, "would rest upon all in power who did anything or said anything to make difficult the realisation of the gradual disarmament proposed, and they who assisted in making it possible would be therein doing service to God and man. What was possible depended finally on the characters of men. If there were peace, justice, righteousness as the ruling influences in the hearts of the majority of a nation or the world, these would organise for good; if men were envious, hating, jealous, and harsh, no conference could make true and honest God-loving men and women of them."

Trowbridge.—Two members of the Conigre Chapel congregation died last week. One, Mr. Frederick Norris, was a most regular attendant, an indefatigable Sunday-school worker, Band of Hope leader, and good helper in many ways. He will be much missed, and great sympathy is felt for his wife and four children. The second loss was occasioned by the death of Mr. Ben Serine, who also showed real interest in all matters connected with chapel or school. Mr. Matthews, of Bridport, who officiated on Sunday in the absence of the minister on his holiday, made reference to the loss the congregation had sustained, and the organist played the "Dead March," the large congregation standing.

Walsall.—The *Walsall Free Press* prints in full a sermon by the Rev. Peter Dean on the Tarr's peace proposals.

THE current number of the *Seed Sower*, which contains a fine sermon on "Puritanism," by the Rev. Bernard Snell, of the Brixton Congregational Church, has also a plea by the Rev. E. I. Frupp for the adoption of some form of the old Prayer-

Book in all our churches. A member of the former congregation of Bedford Chapel writes to us pointing out that the version of the "Absolution" given at the end of Mr. Frupp's article is taken from the Prayer-Book as revised by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. It is, of course, well known that since the day when Theophilus Lindsey revised the Prayer-Book for Unitarian worship many of our congregations have been familiar with the use of such a book.

OUR CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday afternoon.

Bermondsey, Fort-road, Upper Grange-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. HAROLD RYLETT.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. F. ALLEN.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. HARWOOD, B.A.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-rd., West Croydon, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. JELLIE, B.A.
Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting-hill-gate, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. S. ANTHONY, M.A., B.D.
Forest-gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 A.M., Mr. J. W. BROWN, and 6.30 P.M., Mr. A. B. MIDLANE.
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. AGAR.
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Dr. BROOKE HERFORD.
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 A.M., Rev. CHAS. YATES, and 7 P.M., Rev. G. CARTER.
Islington, Unity Church Upper-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. G. DAWES HICKS, M.A., Ph.D. Evening, "The late Principal Caird and Modern Idealism."
Kentish Town, Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. A. FARQUHARSON. Morning, "In the Beginning." Evening, "The Bringer of Glad Tidings."
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. E. STRONGE.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. C. POPE.
Little Portland-street Chapel, near Oxford-circus, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7 P.M., Rev. T. W. FREDERKLETON.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 A.M., Rev. G. CARTER, and 6.30 P.M., SUPPLY.
Plumstead Unitarian Church, Plumstead Common-road, 11 A.M., Rev. L. JENKINS JONES, and 6.30 P.M., Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. E. WILKES SMITH; 3 P.M., Service for Children.
Stepney-Green, College Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. EDWARD BURTON.
Stoke Newington, The Green, 11.15 A.M., Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
Wandsworth, Unitarian Christian Church, East-hill, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
Wood Green, Unity Hall, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.

PROVINCIAL.

BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. W. TIMMIS.
BEDFORD, Library (side room), 6.30 P.M., Rev. ROWLAND HILL.
BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A.
BLACKPOOL, Bank-street, North Shore 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BINNS.
BLACKPOOL, Unitarian Lay Church, Masonic Hall, Waterloo-road, South Shore, 6.30 P.M.
BOOTLE, Free Church Hall, Stanley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. W. HAWKES.
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West-hill-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. G. ST. CLAIR.
BRIGHTON, Christ Church (Free Christian), New-road, North-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. A. HOOD. Harvest Services, Thursday, Sept. 22nd, at 8 P.M., Rev. S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. GEORGE STREET.
CANTERBURY, Blackfriars, 11 A.M., J. REMINGTON WILSON, M.A.
DEAL and WALMER, Free Christian Church, High-st., 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. MELSON GODFREY.
DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. S. BURROWS.
EASTBOURNE, Lismore-road, Terminus-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mr. W. H. HOWE.
GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. A. ARMSTRONG, B.A.
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
LIVERPOOL, Renshaw-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. Dr. KLEIN. Evening, "The Doctrine of Immortality in Ancient Egypt, and its Influence on Christian Dogma."
MANCHESTER, Sale, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. JAMES FORREST, M.A.
MANCHESTER, Strangeways, 10.30 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
MARGATE, Forester's Hall (Side Entrance), Union-crescent, 11 A.M., Rev. W. BIRKS.
OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30 A.M., Rev. J. E. CARPENTER, M.A.
PORTSMOUTH, General Baptist Chapel, St. Thomas-street, 6.45 P.M., Mr. THOMAS BOND.
PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.45 P.M., Mr. G. COSENS PRIOR.
RAMSGATE, Assembly Rooms, High-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BIRKS.
READING, Unitarian Free Church, London-road, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. A. VOYSKY.
SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. H. WELLSLOVED.
TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
YORK, St. Saviour's Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR.

CAPE TOWN, Free Protestant Unitarian Church, Hout-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. BALMFORTH.

SOUTH-PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, SOUTH-PLACE, FINSBURY.—Sept. 18th, at 11.15, Dr. STANTON COIT, "Imperial America."

ETHICAL RELIGION SOCIETY, STEINWAY HALL, PORTMAN-SQUARE, W.—Sept. 18th, at 11.15, Dr. WASHINGTON SULLIVAN, "Savonarola, the Ethical Prophet."

BIRTHS.

WILSON—On the 11th inst., at Melrose, Ella-road, Crouch Hill, London, N., the wife of Alfred Wilson, of twins—daughter and son.

MARRIAGES.

CHADWICK—SCHOLLES—On the 7th inst., at the Blackley Unitarian Chapel, by the Rev. S. A. Steintal, William Chadwick, of Wakefield, to Julia Scholles, of Hilton-street, Manchester, and Roseneath, Crumpsall.

GRIFFIN—CARTER—On the 10th inst., at the Unitarian Church, Avondale-road, Peckham, by the Rev. J. S. Mummery, Ph.D., George Edward Griffin, to Minnie, daughter of the Rev. G. Carter, Peckham.

JAMES—MARLES—THOMAS—On Sept. 7th, at Llwynrhydown, by the Rev. William James, B.A., assisted by the Rev. Sydney Street, B.A., Sydney Price James, M.B., I.M.S., youngest son of T. E. James, Esq., Newport, Mon., to Lisa, fourth daughter of the late Rev. William Marles-Thomas, M.A. (Gwilym Marles), Llwynrhydown, Cardiganshire.

THOMAS—SAMUEL—On the 13th inst., at the English Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Roath, Cardiff, by Rev. Rees Jenkin Jones, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Rees, brother-in-law of the bride, the Rev. Jenkin Thomas to Mary Samuel, both of Aberdare.

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving remembrance of HERBERT BRAMLEY, of Claremont-crescent, Sheffield, who died at Brussels, Sept. 13, 1897.

CHURCH AND HOUSE OF THE DIVINE LOVE, PERCY STREET, OXFORD.

Rev. Dendy Agate, B.A., Rev. E. S. Anthony, M.A., B.D., Anonymous, Rev. W. Blazeby, B.A., Sir John Brunner, Bart., M.P., Rev. C. C. Coe, F.G.S., Rev. J. M. Connell, Mr. T. G. Collings, Miss Estlin, Mr. W. Golden, Mr. E. C. Harding, Prof. C. Harold Herford, Rev. F. Homer, Rev. E. P. Hall, B.A., Miss Ireland, Mr. W. Lewis, Mr. F. Lewis, Mr. Lilley, Sir P. Mansfield, Bart., M.P., Mr. Owen, Mr. Hans Renold, Mrs. Hans Renold, Miss J. Durning Smith, Miss L. Toulmin Smith, Mr. W. Simpson, Rev. L. Scott, Mr. A. W. Worthington. The above have given the sum of £140 0s. 5d.

The following list is of those who have given to the Church Building Fund to the extent of £34 9s. 7d. A special appeal is being made for this object, as, owing to the failure of the builder, it was necessary to pay at once instead of in instalments over an extended period. Upwards of £100 is still required. Between forty and fifty attend the church every Sunday evening, and the Sunday-school has an average attendance of fifty, with over sixty on the books, after barely five months' work:—Anonymous (3), Lady Bowring, Mrs. Bickley, Rev. W. Blazeby, B.A., Mr. Bourne, Mr. Blurton, Mr. R. A. Blurton, Dr. Blurton, Mr. Bell, Mr. A. Brettell, Mr. T. A. Brettell, Mr. F. S. Bolton (High Sheriff of Warwick), Mr. Hy. Broome, Mr. Geo. Boydon, Mr. Briscoe, Mr. G. W. Chitty, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Clements, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Clarke, Rev. J. M. Connell, Miss Connell, Mr. Desh, Mr. Drewry, Mr. Durrant, Mr. Edwell, Mr. Evers-Swindell, Miss Evans, Mrs. Elcock, H. H. E., Mr. W. H. Guest, Mr. J. Guest, Mr. A. H. Guest, Mr. W. E. Goddard, Mr. Greenwood, Mrs. Galsworthy, Miss Gathy, Ald. E. Guthrie, J.P., Miss A. C. Herford, Mr. Hugh V. Herford, Mrs. Higgins, Mrs. Hunting, Miss Hunting, Mr. Heymann, Mr. Hacking, Miss E. D. Herford, Miss Hutton, Mrs. Hough, Rev. H. Hawkes, Mr. W. Haslam, Mr. B. Hingley, Mr. A. Hingley, Mr. J. Hingley, Miss Hingley, Mr. H. Hingley, Mrs. Hill, Mr. E. Hill, Mrs. E. Hill, Miss Howse, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Ine, Miss Ireland, Mr. Jones, Mr. King, Mr. W. Lovett, Mr. E. H. Leonard, Mrs. Lines, Mrs. Mann, Rev. J. Matthews, Mrs. Herbert Martin, Mrs. McNeille, Mr. Mather, Mrs. Mather, Mrs. J. New, Mrs. Piper, Mr. W. W. Paget, Mr. Parcock, Mr. H. Parcock, Mr. Peyton, Mrs. Peyton, Mr. J. Perry, Mr. F. Perry, Mr. Richards, Mrs. Russell, Mr. Smart, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Skinner, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Spiers, Mr. Saunders, Mr. W. Slater, Mr. F. H. H. Sidaway, Mr. T. Sidaway, Mr. W. Sidaway, Mr. A. Sidaway, Mr. Stranding, Miss Shakspeare, Miss Stillman, Miss Skerritt, Miss C. Skerritt, Mr. L. T. Smith, Mr. Tibbets, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Thurburn, Mrs. Turk, Mrs. Hy. Taylor, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Geo. Taylor, Mr. C. Thompson, Miss Watson, Miss Wood, Rev. I. Wrigley, Mr. A. W. Worthington, Mrs. Wooton, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Wellings, Mr. R. Watson, Mr. Winsor.

PULPIT SUPPLY.—The REV. W. STODDART, B.A., is at LIBERTY to take SUNDAY DUTY.—Address, 20, West Bank, Stamford Hill, London, N.

USEFUL COMPANION.—Re-engagement desired by lady. Practical knowledge of housekeeping; domesticated; useful in illness.—G., INQUIRER Office, Essex-street, London.

19TH CENTURY BUILDING SOCIETY ADELAIDE-PLACE, LONDON BRIDGE E.C.

Interest on Loans reduced to Four-and-a-half per Cent.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman—H. W. LAWRENCE, J.P., 21, Mincing lane, E.C.; Deputy-Chairman—MARK H. JUDGE, A.R.I.B.A., 7, Pall Mall, S.W.; F. H. A. HARDCASTLE, F.S.I., 5, Old Queen-street, Westminster, S.W.; Miss ORME, 118, Upper Tulse-hill, S.W.; STEPHEN SEAWARD TAYLER, 151, Brixton-road, S.W., and Mrs. HENRY RUTT, 1, Randolph-gardens, N.W.

PREFERENCE SHARES £10, Interest 4½ per cent. DEPOSITS received at 3 and 3½ per cent., withdrawable at short notice.

LIBERAL ADVANCES promptly made. Monthly repayment, including principal, premium and interest for each £100 advanced—21 years, 13s. 6d.; 18 years, 14s. 9d.; 15 years, 16s. 1d.; 10 years, £1 1s. 8d. Survey Fee to £500, half-a-guinea.

Special facilities given to persons desiring to purchase houses for their own occupation. Prospectus free.

FREDERICK LONG, Manager.

UNITARIAN CHURCH, PLUMSTEAD.

The OPENING SERVICES of the New Hall connected with the above Church will take place on SUNDAY, Sept. 18th. Morning, 11; Evening, 6.30, when Sermons will be Preached by the Revs. T. E. M. EDWARDS and L. JENKINS JONES.

On Thursday Evening, Sept. 22nd, a PUBLIC MEETING will be held at 7 o'clock. The following gentlemen will take part:—Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, S. S. Tayler, Esq., David Martineau, Esq.

As an encouragement the Woolwich and Plumstead friends will be glad to see as many sympathisers as can possibly attend these services.

Collections in aid of the Building Fund.

PENDLETON UNITARIAN FREE CHURCH.

A BAZAAR will be held on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of NOVEMBER, in the School attached to the Church, with the object of paying off the current deficit, and the Debt of £800 secured by Mortgage on the Buildings.

Our effort has the personal approval and support of the Revs. S. A. Steinthal, P. M. Higginson, Ch. Street, and many other Ministers of the District.

The Bazaar Committee have decided to have no Raffleing.

Subscriptions already promised:—

	£	s.	d.
British and Foreign Unitarian Association	25	0	0
Do., 2nd don. (conditional on the whole being obtained)	25	0	0
Manchester District Presbyterian and Unitarian Association	35	0	0
Do., 2nd don.	120	0	0
Members of the Congregation	75	16	0
A Friend	5	0	0
E. C. Harding, Esq.	2	2	0
Jeremy Brooks, Esq.	2	2	0
	£290	0	0

Donations of Money or Goods will be thankfully received by the following members of the Bazaar Committee:—

C. J. AGATE,
24, Sudby-road, Pendleton (Chairman).
W. MAINSHAW,
5, Leaf-square, Pendleton (Treasurer).
F. J. BROUGHTON,
Harold-street, Sudby;
Rev. A. H. DOLPHIN,
Wilkinson-street, Leigh. } Secretaries.

WAVERLEY-ROAD CHURCH, SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

A BAZAAR will be held on WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30th and on the three following days in the MASONIC HALL, NEW-STREET, BIRMINGHAM, in aid of the CHURCH BUILDING and FURNISHING FUND. The Committee are anxious to raise a sum of £500, and earnestly solicit contributions in money or goods, which will be thankfully received by any of the undersigned:—Miss NETTLEFOLD, Halffield, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Mrs. H. NEW, 27, Wheelers-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Mrs. ARCH. KENRICK, 4, Carpenter-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Mrs. EDWARD TOWNLEY, Ferndale, Prospect-road, Moseley, Birmingham; Mrs. GEO. TITTERTON, The Uplands, Greenhill-road, Moseley, Birmingham; Rev. H. HAROLD JOHNSON, B.A. (Minister), 143, Waverley-road, Small Heath, Birmingham; J. H. FORRESTER (President), 51, Charlotte-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; W. H. KEMPSON, 33, Barrow's-road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham; A. LANGFORD, 21, Wilton-road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; W. H. NIGHTINGALE, 7, Lloyd-street, Small Heath, Birmingham; Mrs. HODGETTS, 193, Cattell-road, Small Heath, Birmingham; or to the Honorary-Secretary of Bazaar, JAMES P. P. DUFFIELD, 29, Bowyer-road, Salfrey, Birmingham.

"THE INQUIRER" CALENDAR.

SUNDAY SERVICES are advertised at a charge of 10s. per year, prepaid, a space of two lines being given to each announcement; extra lines are charged 4d. each. Orders can be sent for a portion of the year, not less than thirteen weeks, at the same rate. Calendar Notices not prepaid £1 the year. Single Announcements 6d. per line. All information as to the change of preachers should reach the Office not later than Thursday.

Essex Hall, Strand, W.C.

Established in the first year of the Queen's Reign

MOORE & MOORE

PIANOFORTE MAKERS,

INVENTORS OF THE THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.

The HIRE SYSTEM, now so widely used, was unknown until its invention, in 1846, by Messrs. Moore and Moore.

Two years ago, in the course of an important appeal case in the House of Lords, their Lordships were pleased to make commendatory remarks on the fairness, convenience, and utility of Messrs. Moore and Moore's invention.

All classes of Messrs. Moore and Moore's Pianofortes and American Organs—new or second-hand, from 18 guineas upwards to 96 guineas—are supplied on their Three Years' System, on the following easy and generous

TERMS.

After 3 years' hiring at low rates, varying from £1 11s. 6d. to £8 8s. per Quarter in advance (or from 10s. 6d. to 56s. per month, as preferred), the instrument becomes the absolute property of the hirer.

The total thus paid never exceeds the price of the instrument; there are no extra charges.

Carriage free throughout the United Kingdom.

Tuning free within a radius of about 20 to 25 miles round London, and in Brighton, Hastings, Bexhill, Worthing, Southend, Chelmsford, &c., &c.

The Hirer can return the instrument at any time, or can make it his own in less than 3 years.

No deposit or guarantee is required.

Illustrated Price List free on application to

MOORE & MOORE,

104 & 105, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

TWO AND A-HALF PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.

TWO PER CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS of minimum monthly balance, when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

For the encouragement of Thrift, the Bank receives small sums on deposit and allows Interest Monthly, on each completed £1.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY,
HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH.

BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.
HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH.

The BIRKBECK ALMANAC, Post free on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

ATTENDANT WANTED for INVALID LADY, able to lift well, good reader and needlewoman. State age, previous experiences, and salary required. Address—Redlands, Northampton.

SCOTCH TWEEDS and SERGES at Mill Prices, Ladies' or Gents'; best quality only. Patterns post free; orders carriage paid.—GEO. McLEOD & SONS, Hawick, N.B.

FREDK. LONG & SON, AUCTIONEERS, SURVEYORS, HOUSE & LAND AGENTS

4, Adelaide Place, London Bridge, E.C.

Rents Collected, and the entire management of Property in any part of London or Suburbs undertaken. Valuations for Probate, &c.

Schools, etc.

ABBOTS MOUNT, CHESTER.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, conducted by Miss M. K. MONTGOMERY, B.A.

Special attention given to backward or delicate children.

SCHOOL RE-OPENS September 20th.

BANBURY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Fees, 10 guineas per term. Three terms in the year. Principal, J. DURRANT, Esq., Horsefair, Banbury. The School adjoins the Unitarian Church, and is the property of the Trustees thereof.

BINGFIELD, BIRKDALE, SOUTHPORT.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

PRINCIPAL, MISS LEWIN.

The School is conducted on advanced principles, and the Teachers are thoroughly trained.

Attention is also given to TECHNICAL EDUCATION, including Wood Carving and Carpentry. For the extension of this section, a new room has been added, fitted with all requisite appliances.

The SCHOOL will be RE-OPENED on TUESDAY, 20th September.

A detailed Prospectus will be sent on application to Miss LEWIN as above.

CHARMING HOME in GERMANY, with Tuition offered to BOYS and GIRLS. Terms moderate.—Apply, Rev. G. SCHWARZ, Handshuhsheim (Heidelberg).

EDGBASTON SCHOOL HOUSE

FOR GIRLS (Lim.), Thorne Hill, Augustus-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham (in connection with the Edgbaston High School for Girls). The house stands high, and is pleasantly situated. Perfect sanitary arrangements. Electric light. Large garden. Tennis, hockey, and cricket.

Directors:—Mr. Fred. Ryland, J.P., Mr. H. C. Field, J.P., Mr. C. A. Harrison, Miss Japp, B.A. (Head Mistress of Edgbaston High School for Girls). House Mistress, Miss WELLS.

For prospectuses and list of references, apply to Miss WELLS, at the School House.

HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

PRINCIPALS—Miss J. F. GRUNER (Certif. Student of Girton College), Moorcroft, Hindhead, Surrey.

Miss MACRAE MOIR (Cambridge Higher Local), Ling Cottage, Hindhead, Surrey.

The aim of the School is to combine the advantages of a good Boarding School with a thorough Education and healthy outdoor life.

A limited number of Girls received by the Principals. All the Assistants are trained and experienced teachers of University standing.

Special attention paid to modern languages. French taught by a certificated teacher from Paris. Music by ladies trained in Brussels and Germany.

Girls may be prepared for College entrance and other examinations.

The district of Hindhead is one of the healthiest parts of England, and much recommended by doctors for its bracing air and gravel soil. Terms for Board and Education on application to the Principals.

HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, SOUTH MARINE TERRACE, ABERYSTWYTH.

PRINCIPAL ... MRS. MARLES THOMAS.

First-class Honours, Special Distinctions, Certificates, Prizes and Medals have been gained in various Public Examinations. Scholarships at the University Colleges have also been obtained from the School.

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, WALTON-CUM-FELIXSTOW, in connection with BESTREBEN HIGH SCHOOL, BRONDESURY, N.W.

For particulars of either branch, address PRINCIPALS, Bestreben.

Board and Residence.

BOARD and RESIDENCE, South of

England. Healthy neighbourhood. Home comforts. Seven miles from Brighton, near South Downs. Station Hassocks (on main line L.B.S.C.).—Miss ROWLAND, Gothic House, Hurstpierpoint.

BOARDING HOUSE.—THE FELL,

TROUTBECK, WINDERMERE, is situated 550 feet above sea level, and about 2½ miles from the station at Windermere. Every home comfort. Moderate terms.

BOURNEMOUTH, BOSCOMBE

GRANGE.—Superior BOARDING Est. Public rooms, modern, healthy, visitors' comfort studied, electric light, tennis.—H. H. EBBEN.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Most comfortable

private BOARDING-HOUSE; close to sea; sheltered among the Pines; south aspect. Billiard-room (full-sized table). Terms moderate.—Address, Miss CHALDECOTT, Stirling House, Manor-road.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Elvaston, West

Cliff, High-class Pension. Unrivalled position on sea front, close to the Highcliffe Hotel. Lovely garden (tennis, &c.), facing the sea. Due south.—Mr. and Mrs. Pocock (late of Khristna).

BRIGHTON.—Superior BOARDING

ESTABLISHMENT, near sea and lawns; large pleasant rooms; bath and smoke rooms. Terms moderate.—Miss SILLIFANT, 11, Rochester-gardens, Hove.

ECONOMICAL HOLIDAYS.—The

STARNTHWAITHE CO-OPERATIVE COLONY, near Kendal, Westmoreland; near the Woods, Moors, and Lakes. Terms, 3s. per day. If 3 days' notice be given, car will meet train to convey guests and luggage.—Address, the House-keeper, as above.

FELIXSTOWE.—Comfortable

APARTMENTS at this most salubrious seaside resort, four minutes from new station and beach. Apply—Mrs. ROBINSON, Kimberley House, Ranelagh-road.

MRS. ROBERT TURNER (late of

Ditchling) receives BOARDERS. Terms moderate; suitable for students.—91, Grosvenor-road, S.W.

SOUTHPORT.—RESIDENTIAL

HOME for Convalescent and Massage Patients. Very pleasant and central situation. Highest references. Miss BLAKEY. London certificated and experienced.—12, Duke-street.

ST. LEONARDS.—“Crantock,” 59,

Warrior-square. First-class BOARD and RESIDENCE, newly furnished and redecorated. Sea View, excellent cuisine, billiard room, sanitary certificate.—Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY P. POTTER.

ST. LEONARDS.—“Haselmere,”

Warrior-square. Comfortable well-furnished APARTMENTS. Good cooking and attendance.—Mrs. HERRIOTT.

WEST CENTRAL HOTEL

Proprietor,
FREDERIC SMITH.

This first-class Hotel, conducted on strictly Temperance principles, is commended by the Rev. C. Aked, Liverpool; Rev. Rowland Hill, Bedford; Rev. G. Vance Smith, D.D., Bowden, Cheshire; Rev. J. C. Street, Birmingham; Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D., Wolverhampton; Rev. Charles Garrett, Liverpool; Rev. Canon Howell, Wrexham; Rev. A. B. Grosart, LL.D., Blackburn; Dr. Norman Kerr, London, &c. Central, Quiet, Exceptionally Clean, Moderate in Charges. Spacious Coffee Rooms, Visitors' Drawing Rooms, Baths, &c. Breakfast or Tea, 1s. 3d. to 2s. Rooms, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. Service, 9d. Printed Tariff on Application.

75, 77, 79, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105,
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQ., LONDON.

Harvest Festival Services.

A HARVEST SERVICE OF PRAISE and PRAYER, with Music in both Notations, comprising Chants with Responses, Hymns, Prayers, Readings, &c. Arranged by Rev. W. COPELAND BOWIE and J. WESTWOOD TOSH.

A HARVEST FESTIVAL SERVICE for the Church, the Sunday School and the Home, with Music in both Notations, complete form of Service. Compiled by AGNES and RICHARD BARTRAM.

Price Twopence each, by post 2½d. 25 copies post free of either Service for 3s. 4d., 50 for 6s. 6d., 100 for 12s. 6d., for cash.

HARVEST HYMNS.

HYMNS AND CHORAL SONGS. 12 Harvest Hymns, with Music in both Notations. Price One Penny, by post 1½d. 25 copies post free for 2s., 50 for 3s. 6d., 100 for 6s. 9d., for cash.

London: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, Essex Hall, E-sex-street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE ETHICAL WORLD.

EDITED BY DR. STANTON COIT.

Articles on Important Social Questions, Education &c., from a purely ethical standpoint. Children's Page.

TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

Office: 17, Johnson's-court, Fleet-st., London, E.C.

SCIENCE LECTURES

Which Attract and Please Large Audiences.

For particulars, apply to

W. H. SHRUBSOLE, F.G.S.,
14, PATTENDEN ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

Schools, etc.

BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON (FOR WOMEN),

YORK-PLACE, BAKER-STREET, W.

PRINCIPAL ... MISS ETHEL HURLBATT.

The SESSION for 1898-9 BEGINS on THURSDAY, October 6th.

Students are expected to enter their names between 2 and 4 o'clock on Wednesday, O. t. 5th.

The Inaugural Lecture will be delivered at 4.30 P.M. on Thursday, Oct. 6th.

Further information on application to the Principal.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

“The College adheres to its original principle of freely imparting Theological knowledge without insisting upon the adoption of particular Theological doctrines.”

SESSION 1898-9.

TEACHING STAFF.

Rev. J. DRUMMOND, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt., Principal.
Rev. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A., Vice-Principal.
Rev. CHARLES BARNES UPTON, B.A., B.Sc.
Rev. J. EDWIN ODGERS, M.A., Hibbert Lecturer.
Rev. JOSEPH WOOD, Tate Lecturer.
Rev. PHILIP H. WICKSTEED, M.A., Dunkin Lecturer.

For particulars as to Lectures and Bursaries for Students for the Ministry, apply to the Principal, or to one of the undersigned,

H. ENFIELD DOWSON,
Gee Cross, near Manchester; } Secs.
A. H. WORTHINGTON,
1, St. James-square, Manchester.

Printed by WOODFALL & KINDER, 70 to 76, Long Acre, W.C., and Published for the Proprietors by E. KENNEDY, at the Office, 3, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C. City Agent, JOHN HEYWOOD, 29 and 30, Shoe-lane, E.C. Manchester (Wholesale), JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate,—Saturday, September 17, 1898.